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## ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

AN incident worthy of record occurred during the sessions of the great Synod of Thurles—that memorable synod, which in 1850, inaugurated a new era in the history of the Catholic Church of Ireland. After the labors of the day two venerable prelates were taking an evening walk in the suburbs of Thurles, when a stalwart Tipperary peasant reverently approached them, and kneeling before one of them, begged his Lordship's blessing. After a moment's silence he raised his head, and fixing his eyes on the Bishop's face, asked him: "Are you Archbishop MacHale?" "No," replied the Bishop, "this is the man," pointing to the other prelate. "Well, my lord, said the brave peasant calmly and firmly, I want no blessing but that of Archbishop MacHale;" and immediately kneeling at his feet he received the blessing of the great Archbishop of the West. The Tipperary man praying that God would bless him with length of days departed, and the two prelates continued their walk, reflecting upon the patriotism of that gallant county whose unconquered sons inspired the

stirring muse of Davis, with those immortal verses, which will be sung between upper and lower Ormond when the fawning poets of despotism will be forgotten. I have heard the anecdote from an Irishman whose genius is an honor to his native land, and I believe that it strikingly illustrates the wonderful influence which Archbishop MacHale exercises over the Irish people at home and abroad. Of all living Irishmen he holds the first place in their affections; he is truly the uncrowned monarch of that faithful, chivalrous, and warm-hearted people, no matter in what quarter of the globe their lot may be cast. Their friends have been his friends, and their enemies his enemies. True as the needle to the pole, to the ennobling traditions of his heroic and martyred ancestors, he has for nearly sixty years advocated the rights of his countrymen with unpurchasable fidelity and unconquerable courage. With a voice loud as that of the tempest; loud as the angry ocean; loud as that which pealed from Sinai; he has denounced their wrongs before earth and high Heaven; branded their hereditary foes with infamy;

resisted every open attack, and exposed every covert assault on the rights and freedom of his episcopal brethren. Like the seraph Abdiel, he has kept his loyalty, his love, his zeal; no opposition could shake for a moment his unbending courage; no tempting offer could seduce from the path of patriotism; no threats could terrify him. He never bent the knee to Baal; never sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; never sought the favors of despotic viceroys; never courted the smiles of royalty; never accepted the patronage of the lords of the treasury; never betrayed his trust; never surrendered the fortress; never abandoned the watch-towers on which he has so long stood a fearless sentinel guarding his flock, his people against every approach, every stealthy advance of the enemy. No wily English statesman could ever overreach him, ever mislead him; yet English policy and intrigue sometimes deceived Grattan, deluded O'Connell, and made dupes and victims of other distinguished Irishmen. It is a remarkable fact that Archbishop MacHale has never made one political mistake during his long and glorious career. From the day when he first fixed his eyes on the star of his country's destiny, he has unceasingly, through storm and sunshine, in good report and evil report, followed the holy light in its onward course; never for a moment turning his gaze to objects interesting and inspiring, but not so dear to his great and noble heart. It may be truly said, that in him love of religion is indissolubly blended with love of country. Church and country, religion and Ireland, have been the twin passions of his soul—the inspiration of all the acts, all the triumphs of his memorable life; the inspiration of that tender and genuine piety which has renewed the days of the Apostles, and of those heroic Christian virtues which have made his existence a vision of beauty, a blessing to his people, and a bright

example for the imitation of the most gifted of other nations. He is a man of a century, a man who has passed through life without fear and without reproach, blessing and blessed, spreading about him benedictions, and receiving in turn the heartfelt homage of a whole nation. No stain tarnishes his honest and well-won fame; no spot dims the lustre of his renown. His hands, like those of Moses on the mountain, have been always lifted up in prayer for the triumphs of his people, whose liberty and happiness have been the dream of his life, the thought next his heart. The story of his life will be always read with fresh pleasure, his history will be always perused with renewed delight by the soldiers of liberty, the champions of right, the lovers of literature, and the admirers of genius in every land and every clime where freedom is cherished and tyranny abhorred; where the arts and sciences are cultivated, and ignorance dreaded as one of the greatest evils that can afflict humanity.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate on the 8th of June, is an event which will make the present year memorable in the annals of Ireland. It is no violation of truth to affirm, nor is the gift of prophecy required to predict, that the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Archbishop MacHale's episcopate will be long remembered by the Irish people—long a landmark in Irish ecclesiastical history.

Archbishop MacHale was born in 1791, in Tobarnavian, a small village in Mayo, one of the largest and most populous counties in the west of Ireland. Following his own example, I give the Irish orthography of his birthplace, which is named Tobarnavian, from its excellent waters, pronounced equal to the juice of the grape, or according to other etymologists and antiquarians, from the historical and poetical legends of ancient Irish chivalry connected with



it. Situated at the base of Nephin, one of the highest mountains of Connaught, encircled with beautiful and romantic scenery, hills, lakes, and woods, and enriched with classic legends, proud historic recollections, and the glories of ancient Celtic poetry and valor, Tobarnavian was well calculated to inspire the child of genius with high aspirations, generous thoughts, lofty aims, and above all and before all, with a deep and lasting love of faith and fatherland. Irish historians loved to visit Glyn-Nephin; Irish archæologists increased their ancient treasures by the songs and traditions preserved by its inhabitants, and Irish poets drank new inspiration from its legendary waters and haunted streams. When Macpherson was winning a high reputation by his literary frauds and forgeries, the poems of Ossian were still recited by the children of the valley; when music was treason, the harp of Carolan still cheered them in their afflictions, and consoled them in their sorrows, and when education was felony, they sheltered and cherished with fond and religious fidelity the persecuted schoolmaster, and the ever-faithful soggarth. The zeal of Bunting in collecting many beautiful airs in the valley of Nephin, won the warm admiration and lasting gratitude of Moore, who wedded them to verse as immortal as the shamrock on the summit of the historic mountain, and as musical as the harp he loved—the harp which after centuries of silence he proudly unbound, joyously giving “all its chords to light, freedom, and song,” and breathing over them the Celtic spirit which has never been conquered, and never will die in the Green Isle. To Glyn-Nephin, Hardiman, the Irish Percy, was indebted for some of the sweetest specimens to be found in his collection of Irish minstrelsy. What wonder that Archbishop MacHale is proud of his birth-place! What wonder that he always speaks with rapture and enthusiasm

of the enchanting and romantic valley of song and story, with which his own name will be ever inseparably associated! The first sign and proof of talent which his friends discerned in young MacHale, was a most retentive memory. While yet a boy, he could recite with amazing accuracy in Irish, the language which, like Father Burke, he first spoke, and in which, I believe, his last prayer for his ancient race will be offered up to Heaven, stories and legends which he heard from his parents and old neighbors. Without a good memory, eminence in any branch of science or letters is impossible. I indorse the opinion of Quintilian, that it is the first indication, the first mark of genius. John MacHale had scarcely entered his sixteenth year, when he was considered a prodigy of learning by his friends and neighbors. He learned the rudiments of Greek and Latin in a classical school in Castlebar, where he prepared himself assiduously for Maynooth. After two years study of classics, he passed with *éclat* the matriculation examination in 1807, in that celebrated ecclesiastical seat of learning, which for more than eighty years has been the great nursery of the Irish priesthood. His progress in his studies was rapid; he distanced without difficulty all competitors for college honors, while his curious and various erudition, independently of the subject-matter which daily engaged the attention of his class-fellows, astonished veteran professors. A severe and successful student, he read with judgment and discrimination the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature. The poets, orators, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome were his constant companions, and his letters abundantly prove that they have often come to his assistance when fighting the battle of his country against the cultivated intellect of England, sometimes pointing a moral, sometimes lending force to

an argument, sometimes throwing light on a dark subject, sometimes making wit more effective and ridicule more triumphant. The language, literature, and history of his own country were his special delight. He studied with equal diligence the languages and literature of France, modern Italy, Spain, and Germany. He read English literature more extensively than any Irish ecclesiastic of those days. Shakespeare, Milton, and Edmund Burke, were his favorite authors. There is a tradition still among the students of Maynooth, that he was a great admirer of the lofty and majestic style of Gibbon. Whether this story is based upon fact or not, I cannot say with certainty; but I know that when he visited Geneva in 1831, he examined Gibbon's library at Lausanne, and gazed for many minutes with deep interest on the bower, shaded with blooming acacias, in which the last lines of the *Decline and Fall* were written.

The chateau in which the philosopher and fool of Ferney resided possessed no interest for him; he always spoke of Voltaire in the language of scorn and contempt. The philosophical and religious opinions of Gibbon were painful to him as a champion of the Catholic faith, but he admired what was good in the famous historical work, which has engaged the attention and compelled the study of more than one Catholic commentator.

But of all the subjects to which he devoted his time and attention in Maynooth College, the Sacred Scriptures had the greatest attractions for him. Enthusiastic study made him familiar with the letter and spirit of the sacred volume. He strengthened and ennobled his mind by its inspirations; he imprinted on his memory its sublime narratives, its pure maxims, and heavenly lessons. I believe that if every copy of the Bible in Ireland was destroyed, his astonishing memory could supply at least

the greater part of it. Unlike the leaves of the Sibyl, book and chapter and verse are arranged in proper order in his mind. This opinion may seem incredible to some persons who make their own minds a criterion and standard for judging others. Macaulay, however, boasted that if every extant copy of the *Paradise Lost* was destroyed, he could give to the world again the immortal epic in its genuine integrity. The powers and capabilities of a retentive memory cannot be comprehended by ordinary minds.

Having nearly finished his college course of studies, the future Archbishop was appointed lecturer, a position which he held in his Alma Mater till he became a regular professor, with credit to himself and profit to the students. In 1819, having been a few years previously ordained priest, he received with the unanimous approbation of the College Faculty, the appointment of professor of dogmatic theology.

On the 29th of January, 1820, he wrote under the signature of Hierophilus, the first of that series of public letters which numbered thirty-two, and which embraced the questions of Bible societies, the Protestant Church in Ireland, tithes, and Catholic emancipation.

These letters awakened great attention at the time of their first appearance in the press, and gave the suffering people of Ireland room to hope that Hierophilus would be numbered among their most valiant champions. His rich and flowing style, his irresistible arguments, and his exact and varied learning, won the praise of Dr. Doyle, and the admiration of O'Connell. His promotion in the Church was rapid; a man of his talents and attainments could not be long kept in a subordinate position. The cloisters of Maynooth could not long hide a light so brilliant from the public gaze. On the 5th of June, 1825, he was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Killala,



with the title of Bishop of Maronia, in partibus. His deserved elevation to the episcopal dignity, brought him more prominently before the public, and the Bishop of Maronia was even more powerful and successful than Hierophilus in the advocacy of his country's rights. His bold and eloquent letters, like those of Dr. Doyle, confounded the enemies of the faith, and encouraged the advocates of the rights of the Irish people, and when O'Connell wrung emancipation from the victor of Waterloo, he thanked and congratulated the illustrious J. K. L., and the patriotic Bishop of Maronia as his two most powerful assistants. The fiery and gorgeous eloquence of Sheil, and the beautiful and soul-stirring songs of Moore, contributed much to O'Connell's success in winning emancipation; but neither the gifted orator, nor the inspired poet, had such power over the people, such a strong hold on their affections as the two immortal prelates, whom both justly admired for their genius, learning, courage, and patriotism.

In 1831, Dr. MacHale visited the Continent for the purpose of recruiting his health, injured by a national calamity, similar to that of 1846, and of proving the authentic claims of Ireland to its ancient fame as the island of saints and scholars. Everywhere he was received with marked favor and distinction; the patriot is honored in every land. There were no spots, no places on the Continent which possessed such charms for him as those immortalized by Irish genius and hallowed by Irish piety. The shrine of the Apostles in the Vatican was the only exception; that one spot had the first place in his true Catholic heart. No city in France had such attractions for him as Auxerre, where the saintly Germanus instructed and fitted St. Patrick for the conversion of Ireland. No part of Switzerland was as interesting to him as the city of St. Gall, which per-

petuates the name of one of the most celebrated of the companions of Columbanus. The classic ruins, the flowery meadows, the blooming valleys, the enchanting groves, the rivers familiar to "the youth of many a clime," the famous battlefields, and the bright skies of Italy seemed, as Pope said of Addison, to raise his fancy and brighten his expression. He could not tread unmoved such sacred ground; on the classic soil of Italy the objects which attracted his special attention were the monuments of Irish wisdom and Irish virtue.

Though surrounded with scenes of surpassing beauty as he entered the fertile plains of Italy, he turned his eyes with patriotic devotion to the celebrated monastery of Babbio, embosomed in the depths of the Apennines, situated between Genoa and Milan, not far distant from the shores of Trebia, where Hannibal defeated the Romans, and founded and erected by St. Columbanus, that illustrious Irish missionary who rekindled, like a second Elias, the lamp of piety on the Continent, and who in our own time has received a new immortality from the magic pen of Montalembert. At Fiesole, in Tuscany, he offered up a prayer for the eternal repose of the soul of an Irish exile, St. Donatus, who over ten centuries ago was Bishop of that place, and who wrote the famous epitaph engraved on his tomb, descriptive of the beauty of Ireland, and the heroic virtues of her people. At Rome his visits to the library of the Convent of St. Isidore were frequent, because he found there a considerable number of valuable Irish manuscripts, interesting to Irish antiquarians. Among the portraits of illustrious Irishmen decorating its walls, those of two in particular, Luke Wadding, the learned author of the *Annals of the Franciscans*, and Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, and founder of the convent and college of St. Anthony of Padua, at Louvain,

awakened inspiring historic recollections in his mind. Anxious to examine some documents that would throw light upon Irish ecclesiastical history, he requested admittance to the archives of the Vatican, but his request was refused by a British pensioner, who was employed to supply the English government with such state papers as were necessary to "elucidate public transactions connected with the history of England." By threatening, however, to seek redress from the pontifical government he obtained admission. Thus does British money exercise its perverse influence against Irishmen wherever they seek instruction, or aspire to power and position in foreign countries. In the small church of St. Peter, on the paniculum, two names, O'Neill and O'Donnell, on a marble slab in the middle of the floor, recalled to his memory the history of those gallant chieftains, who defended their country's freedom against fearful odds, till a foul conspiracy compelled them to seek a safe asylum in the city of the successors of St. Peter. The sad fate of the hero and victor of Bealanathbride, long the terror of the armies of Elizabeth, brought tears to his eyes, and after having offered up a heartfelt prayer for the Irish patriot, he left the spot with mournful recollections of the oppressions of his country.

Before bidding farewell to Rome, he received from the hands of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI, a present of a magnificent gold chalice, of exquisite workmanship, as a mark of his esteem, and a memorial of his confidence. His Continental tour afforded him eloquent proofs of the triumphs of ancient Irish missionaries. "The paths of our countrymen," he says, "you can track by the streaks of glory that still linger on the lands which they traversed; and in the sanctuaries of their most magnificent cathedrals, as well as in the hearts of their present inhabitants, their ashes or their memories are

devoutly enshrined." His letters from many of the principal places on the Continent contain instructive lessons for Irish tourists who do not forget their country in their foreign travels. They display the perfect knowledge of the scholar and critic; on every scene over which he passes he casts the full light of history; every ground he treads seems to be familiar to him. After returning to Ireland he prosecuted and continued with renewed vigor his episcopal and patriotic labors. His fame daily increased, his reputation daily grew higher.

When Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam, was called to his reward, Dr. MacHale was appointed by the Holy See his successor. His translation from Killala to Tuam took place on the 8th of August, 1834. The right man was now in the right place; the joy of the people was unbounded; congratulations came from all quarters, and among them, the warmest and most enthusiastic, was that of the illustrious Liberator, who felt proud of the elevation of his truest friend, to the archiepiscopal see of the west of Ireland; a position which would make his burning words for faith and fatherland resound through the world with greater force and success.

The clergy of the diocese of Killala presented him with a splendid carriage, an eloquent proof of the affection with which he was cherished, and of the veneration in which he was held by his devoted priests and faithful flock. I cannot omit mentioning the fact that English intrigue and influence in Rome, opposed his appointment to the Archiepiscopal See of Tuam. Officious English Catholics, with a few slavish Irish followers, represented him as a dangerous enemy of British authority, a promoter of civil commotion, and an advocate of the imaginary rights (!) of a discontented people. It was well for Ireland and for Rome that the wicked intrigue ignominiously



failed, that the malicious falsehood could not deceive the Propaganda, that truth triumphed and right prevailed. Archbishop MacHale was a favorite of Gregory XVI, from the day when they first met in the Vatican.

The Holy Father looked upon him as the father of his people, the champion of their civil and religious liberty, and the sleepless guardian of their faith. By promoting him to the exalted rank to which his great gifts, natural and acquired, entitled him, he won the love and confidence of the Catholics of Ireland. "I shall forbear," says Archbishop MacHale, in a letter written about thirty-four years ago to Lord Clifford, "from entering farther into the history of the distortions of sentiments that characterized that intrigue. It was soon, however, set at rest; genuine copies, and not the distorted pictures of enemies, were demanded and produced. No sedition or disaffection to the high legitimate authorities of the land appeared. The result I need not follow up; the *busy intermeddlers* were *unheeded*, or *rebuked*, the legitimate and canonical channels alone consulted." Nothing could be more injurious to the cause of religious freedom in Ireland than the appointment of Irish bishops by English influence. The veto question can never be revived again in that faithful island. The channels of ecclesiastical jurisdiction must always stand beyond the reach of political defilement in Ireland; the pensioners of England, the minions of infidel ministers of state, shall never be the guardians of the faith of the Irish people.

It would be impossible to describe fully in a brief sketch the services which Archbishop MacHale has rendered to Ireland during the last fifty years. He has always justly regarded education as one of the most important questions that demand a satisfactory settlement in Ireland. He has always contended for a pure Catholic education for his Catholic countrymen; "Catholic in its con-

ductors, in its books, in its living instructions, in its influences on the senses and the hearts of the growing generation." To those who differ from him in creed, he allows the same privilege of adopting their own favorite systems. He has never made any truce with the enemies of Catholic education. He has never accepted any government scheme, because he knows that for seven hundred years it has been the policy of English statesmen, Catholic and Protestant, to anglicize the education of the Irish people. He is profoundly convinced that the same anti-Irish spirit that dictated the statute of Kilkenny, inspired the penal code. From the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169, down to 1537, the conquerors endeavored to force an English system of education upon the Irish; from 1537 down to the present time, it has been the policy of England to make the education of the youth of Ireland, English and Protestant, as opposed to native faith and nationality. All the educational institutions established by the British government in Ireland during the last three hundred and thirty-six years, were founded for the avowed purpose of subverting the faith, and destroying every vestige of Irish nationality. What wonder that Archbishop MacHale fears the Greeks, even when offering gifts! Is he to blame in observing the most scrupulous caution in accepting any educational present from statesmen who, by force or fraud, wish to control the education of the youth of Ireland?

In my article on Cardinal Cullen, I stated that it was the fond hope of the late Protestant Archbishop Whately, that the national system would "gradually undermine the vast fabric of Catholicity in Ireland." Eighteen long years before the appointment of Cardinal Cullen to the See of Armagh, Archbishop MacHale, then in Rome, described in prophetic language the danger of intrusting the education of the youth

of Ireland to a board, of which the rationalistic Whately was to be the guiding spirit. He constantly exposed to the light of day the dark designs of the Oxford logician and political economist, and successfully opposed the national system until at last it drifted into a denominational one. There will be no brighter page in his history, when written by some loving hand, than that which will record his successful opposition to anti-Irish education, and to every foreign system not based upon the religion of his ancestors. So faithful has he been to Catholic education, that he more than once publicly rebuked Archbishop Murray, for the want of firmness and weakness of character, which led that prelate into grave mistakes, detrimental to Catholic interests. Dr. Murray was for a considerable time a member of the Board of Education, but Whately overreached him; his excessive leniency was not proof against the bland smiles of men who were straining every nerve to "undermine the vast fabric of Popery."

Of all the grievances that cursed the Irish people, the tithe system was the most odious. The parsons of Ireland formed an army of petty tyrants, who, giving the poor no rest, tortured them day and night. In collecting their tithes, they could call to their assistance, when necessary, foot, horse, and artillery. If those who suffered from the wicked laws that enforced an impost so revolting to justice were to rise from their graves, what an army would we behold, demanding vengeance on their oppressors! The dried bones which Ezekiah saw reanimated into a mighty host of men—to borrow the noble imagery of Dr. Doyle—would be small in comparison. O'Connell and Dr. Doyle hurled the thunders of their eloquence against the government which enforced penal statutes which were contrary to the laws of God and of nature. But it was Archbishop

MacHale who gave a deathblow to tithes, by his famous letter to the Duke of Wellington in 1834; a letter which challenged the victor of Waterloo in these words: "I must, therefore, confess, that after paying the landlord his rent, neither to parson, nor proctor, nor landlord, nor agent, or any other individual, shall I consent to pay in the shape of tithe or any other tax, a penny, which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance of this or any other country." This sentence had reference to a small farm which he rented, near Tuam, and which he knew would never be set up for public auction in the midst of a Catholic population. Human sacrifices were no longer annually offered up to the Moloch of Protestant ascendancy, and the bitter spring of the worst national calamities was soon closed up forever. Against the established church he waged unceasing war till he saw it levelled in the dust. Like the stern old Roman, his constant cry was: *Delenda est Carthago!* the Jugger-naut establishment must be destroyed. Of all living Irishmen he was the most instrumental in the disestablishment of that hated badge of conquest. To him we owe it that Sir Robert Peel's Bequests Bill of 1844, the object of which was to crush the rising spirit of Catholicity in Ireland, has remained a dead letter; and to him also our gratitude is chiefly due for the ignominious failure of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which was never carried into execution. Archbishop MacHale was the first Irish prelate who denounced it in the most scathing language in a public letter, thus challenging the government to prosecute him. During his long public life he has been a consistent advocate of simple repeal. He was the most strenuous supporter of O'Connell during his repeal agitation. He is still true to his early political creed; still the boldest champion of a native Parliament. The timid and



time-serving may argue that to contend for repeal of the Union is a vain labor, an impracticable policy. If so, every fight for freedom is vain, every battle for right is unwise, every struggle for justice is a wild dream that cannot be realized. Away with such false reasoning, such cowardly teaching. Repeal may be buried for a time, but on its tombstone can be read the classic epitaph :

*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

Archbishop MacHale may be called to his reward before the Union will be repealed, but the cause he has advocated will be ultimately successful. Athanasius triumphed, though Arianism survived him.

Between the patriot prelate and O'Connell the truest and warmest friendship existed. O'Connell idolized him, and looked upon him with awe and veneration as a man of God, a blessing bestowed upon a persecuted people by a merciful Providence. During the last fifteen years of his life he unceasingly consulted the oracle of the west on all grave national questions, and continually availed himself of his wise counsels. Writing to him in 1840, he says : "Whenever I have formed the intention of making a great popular movement, or a movement which I hope to be great, I have in later times taken the liberty of announcing my intentions to your Grace, in the strong wish to obtain the aid of your *giant mind* and *national influence*." The principal letters which passed between them are published in the beautiful and eloquent biography of O'Connell, by the gifted Nun of Kenmare, whose bold, vigorous, and graphic pen has illustrated the annals of her country, and renewed the literary glories of Ireland in those halcyon days,

"When the school and the convent gave light to each shore,  
From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore."

"Discreet Catholics"—and such persons will never win the battle of Irish freedom—have blamed Archbishop MacHale for interfering in

politics. The history of Ireland during the last three centuries explains and justifies his political action. In the common sense of the term he has never been a politician ; he despises the professional demagogue ; his have been manly arts, like Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke. He has simply stood between his people and their oppressors ; he has endeavored to save his countrymen from the disgrace of being the willing or unconscious instruments of their own degradation. He was not made for a minion or a tool ; he was born to rule his nation by the might of a great mind and by the love of a great heart. His peculiar position compelled him to be the chief as well as the bishop of his flock. He had to fight their battle against organized proselytizers, cruel and unfeeling landlords, despotic pro-consuls, corrupt judges, and vindictive chief secretaries. It is now only three years since a gigantic effort was made by Mr. Gladstone's government to crush forever his influence over his flock, and to destroy with one blow the political power of the priesthood in Ireland. The people's choice for the representation of Galway, Captain Nolan, was unseated by Judge Keogh, and the landlord's favorite, Captain Trench, who had only a small number of votes, was declared the legal member. The costs of the trial amounted to over sixty-five thousand dollars, and in order to save Captain Nolan from ruin, Archbishop MacHale appealed to the people to stand by their unseated representative. In a few weeks the national collection amounted to over eighty thousand dollars. The lion of the fold of Judah triumphed, and Keogh's masters had not the courage to prosecute him. Happy the nation that has such prelates in the hour of danger, darkness, and dismay ! Though Keogh has won a celebrity which has thrown into the shade that of Jeffreys and Norbury, though he was burned in effigy in every

principal city, town, and village in Ireland; though in an exhibition of wax-works in Dublin, his figure, placed between two notorious informers, moved the laughter of the young and suggested mournful reflections on the misfortunes of the country to the minds of the old, he still sits on the bench; still administers justice in the higher courts, despite the unanimous protests and petitions of priests and people, despite the indignant eloquence of Mitchell, Henry, and several other Irish members in the House of Commons. This model judge (!) was once a professional patriot. *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Who could listen to Keogh denouncing a legitimate exercise of the franchise? Archbishop MacHale's literary services to his country will never be forgotten by a people whose love of learning and learned men is hereditary. His letters, political, educational, and religious, published in two large volumes, are a treasury of knowledge, enriched with the lore of every age and every tongue and every nation. A love of liberty breathes in every sentence, and a hatred of oppression burns through every page. His command of felicitous scriptural imagery is boundless, and he speaks and writes without effort in the hallowed language of the inspired writers. The stamp of the slave, the slimy trail of the stranger cannot be traced in these immortal productions of a great mind; in spirit, style, and tone they are pure wells of "Irish undefiled." His fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences remind the student of English literature of the style of Milton, Samuel Johnson, and Gibbon. His style, the image of his mind, is lofty and eloquent; it is the style of a prophet: "Nature gave him the sacred flame, as Napoleon said of Chateaubriand, and it breathes in all his works." His immortal work on "The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church," written

before he left Maynooth, has been translated into the French, German, and Italian languages. Its publication in 1827 placed him at once in the first rank of the most powerful champions of the Catholic faith whom Europe has seen during the present century. In Ireland, the land of eloquent tongues, he had few equals as a pulpit orator. His sermons delivered at Rome in 1832, were translated into Italian by the Abbate De Lucca, who was for some time Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna. Sometimes he expounds the Word in Irish, sometimes in English, but whether in Irish or English, his eloquence, fervid, commanding, and impressive, always keeps his audience spellbound in love and reverence. If he selected law as his profession, and if he practiced public speaking, he could wield, like O'Connell, the fierce democracy at will; his name would go down to posterity with those of Grattan and Burke as Ireland's greatest orators. See him address his countrymen in Tuam in presence of O'Connell; the passions of the multitude obey his ringing words, as forest trees bend to the tempest, as the waves of the sea are agitated by the breath of the thunder-storm.

His power over popular assemblies was unrivalled, a fact which is conclusively attested by his speeches on the hustings. Ireland has produced during the present century only two Celtic scholars who could contest the palm of superiority with Archbishop MacHale in his knowledge of the Irish language and of Irish literature. While generously patronizing Celtic antiquarians he has been a most laborious worker in the field of Irish literature. He has translated into Irish heroic metre the greater part of the Iliad of Homer, and his translation of the "Pentateuch," followed by a subsequent series of the most important portions of the sacred volume, was published over twelve years ago. The most popular,



however, of all his contributions to Celtic literature is his Irish translation of the "Melodies" in the same metres which Moore employed. The Melodies have winged their way to every clime; have been translated into every tongue; but it was reserved for the illustrious Archbishop of the West to introduce them to his countrymen in an Irish garb, "robed in a manner worthy of their high origin." The translations breathe the spirit of the original, and are a lasting monument of the copiousness, flexibility, force, and melody of the Irish language. Moore felt proud that his immortal songs were translated into the language of his ancestors by a Catholic prelate whose mind, like his own, was pregnant with celestial fire. He copied in his Diary, in 1842, a eulogistic criticism of the Irish translation. Like Moore, Archbishop MacHale is a musician; he can sweep with a master-hand the sounding chords of the national harp, and call forth its tender and pathetic, its martial and religious strains, true to the Irish heart, "true to the Gaelic ear." If this is the age of restoration for the Gaelic tongue, if it is yet spoken in six counties in Ireland, if it is taught in the halls of Maynooth, Trinity College, and the Catholic University, if it attracts the attention of scholars in Cambridge and Oxford, if it is studied with enthusiasm in German Universities, let Irishmen be grateful to Archbishop MacHale for his noble exertions in rescuing from the grave of oblivion the language of his forefathers—the language

of king and bard and chief, of saint and martyr and holy virgin, of historian and ollamh and Brehon, of sacred and ennobling traditions and proud national recollections. He is the last connecting link between the present time and that heroic age which was immortalized by those mighty orators, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Bushe, Curran, Plunkett, Yelverton, who shook the spheres with the thunders of their eloquence. He has seen two generations pass away, and now, like the aged hero of the Iliad, the clear-toned orator of the Pylans, he is ruling the third generation of his countrymen. In the eighty-fourth year of his age, he still writes with a pen of light, his heart is still young and generous and enthusiastic in defence of faith and fatherland. The pride of his nation and the glory of his race, king, bard, prophet, patriot, prelate, and chief, the Lion of St. Jarlath's is gifted with the greatest mind that has blessed, elevated, and instructed Ireland since the grave closed over Edmund Burke. The approaching fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate will attract the attention of the whole civilized world, and supply himself with another proof of the love with which he is cherished by a grateful and generous people. From millions of Irish hearts the pious and patriotic prayer will rise, like incense, to heaven, on the 8th of June, 1875, a great day for Ireland. Long live the illustrious Archbishop of the West, long live the Lion of the Fold of Judah, the king and father and champion of his people.

# THY GRIEF, DEAR HEART.

It was, indeed, a flower beyond compare,  
That sprang from out thy life so lone and bare,  
That blessed thee with its loveliness most rare.

Dry soil that life, which Sorrow's hand had sapped,  
And yet, about the dear flower's roots, it wrapped  
Itself, and for its sake, Love's sweet dews lapped.

And, living for the peerless blossom's life,  
New world it found, where dwelt a tender strife,  
To make its being all with beauty rife.

Oh, rare, rare flow'ret! But for thee it bloomed,  
Poor, trodden soil! For thee, like light, illumed  
Thy shadowed place on earth to sorrow doomed!

And so, dear heart, what words dare strive to tell  
The woful cleft left open, when, too well,  
From out thy depths thy flower was plucked, and fell

Upon thy world, a shadow, that no light  
Can e'er remove, an endless earthly night,  
And, in the darkness, thou must grope and fight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nay, raise thyself, dear heart, the Hand that took  
Thy peerless flower, and all thy lone depths shook,  
Above the darkness holdeth it. Ah! look

From out the shadow and the cleft, on high,  
Blooming where its fair life can never die,  
Thy flower on God's dear heart, no storm can try!

Ah! yes, 'tis true, thy cleft remains the same,  
But plant within it, for a seed, His name,  
Who, to take home thy flower, in mercy came.

'Twill grow into a mighty tree, that all  
Thy poor life will absorb, and in its thrall,  
Thou'lt mount, as by a royal master's call.

Beyond the shadow, and beyond the cleft,  
And, nought of earth in thy changed being left,  
Thou'lt tower to where thou'lt find, what, from thee reft,

Smileth in radiant and immortal bloom,  
And thou, dear heart, inhaling its perfume,  
Wilt breathe eternal life where dwells *no gloom!*



## THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

### ARTICLE IV.

#### AN HISTORICAL QUESTION.

##### ITS TERRITORIAL EXTENSION.

"WHEN will the Roman question be settled?" The query was propounded about three years ago, in the Vatican, to Cardinal Antonelli, by a distinguished Frenchman. The reply did not involve a long explanation. It was characteristic of the man, and worthy of the uncompromising statesman, whom the world must admire, in the person of the Secretary of State of Pius IX. "When the Italian army shall have evacuated every foot of ground, from Terracina to the Po." Now, had his Eminence made any other answer in the world, had he proposed a diplomatic discussion, or a European Congress, or a modification of the "Guarantees," the age, which is astonishingly discriminating, would have lauded him to the skies, and no doubt Herr Bismarck would not have the slightest hesitation in allowing him to be the next Pope. But the Cardinal's politics are behind the age. He believes in justice, retributive justice, and that has kept him from being numbered among the statesmen whom the age would beatify. Modern diplomacy believes in justice too, but only as some divines do in the "Nine and Thirty"—something to swear by. Cardinal Antonelli believes in mathematical justice, which admits of no encroachments, no twisting or turning or backsliding. In a word, there is no elasticity in his justice, and the world calls him "fool," because he believes that the justice of earth cannot differ from, or be at variance with, the infinite attribute of justice in God. "Render to *Peter* that which is

*Peter's*," is his motto. The world owes much to Peter in these days, both in the spiritual and material order. What the debt is in the spiritual order, is a subject far beyond our capacities, being debtors ourselves, and we can only say with the Church, "*Confirma fidem nostram.*" Our purpose now is to examine what belongs to St. Peter in the material order, or to descend to localities, what belongs to Peter in what is now called the kingdom of Italy. From the reply of Cardinal Antonelli we gather, that the temporal possessions of the Church cover the same extension of territory now that they did eleven centuries ago. They were bounded on the north by the river Po, on the south by the Liri, on the east by the Adriatic Sea, and on the west by the Tyrrhenian Sea and the Tuscan Apennines. We do not pretend to say that the Popes exercised sovereign authority, from the establishment of the temporal power, over every individual city and foot of ground within these limits, though they sometimes exercised a *lofty dominion* over some cities, situated outside of their own territory. But we affirm, that these were the constant boundaries of the States of the Church, and they remained such, from the middle of the eighth century down to our own days, when the first *annexation* was accomplished. It would seem as if the finger of God himself had traced out on the map of Italy this beautiful kingdom, after he had prepared the way for it centuries before; and even as he had established the Popes in Rome, and driven the Cæsars

thence, so, in the fulness of time, he established this power, marked its boundaries, and preserved it intact, through all the strange vicissitudes of eleven centuries. The stability with which this power, this inheritance of the Church, was proof against every invasion and every change, is wonderful. The very first centuries of its existence were the most turbulent and the most eventful in the history of Italy. They were fruitful in adventurers, to whom the acquisition of territory, by fair means or foul, was their dearest ambition. Yet the patrimony of Peter remained untouched. But the greater wonder is, that the limits of this territory were never extended, not even one foot, by a desire on the part of the Popes of conquest; though there were not wanting Popes who had not only the occasions to do so, but also the power, coupled with legitimate causes. The temporal power of the Popes certainly differed in many respects from all the other kingdoms of the world, but there is one particular in which the difference is striking. Whoever contemplates the history of the great powers which now rule the earth, will perceive at once that they had small beginnings, and then went on, increasing and expanding indefinitely until they encountered a more potent element, which said, "Thus far, and no further." France, for example, which is reluctantly hemmed in by the Alps to-day, in its primitive days barely extended from Paris to Orleans. Spain, whose boast it was in the days of Charles V and Philip II, that the sun never used to set in its dominions, had its beginning in that little patch of territory known as the Asturias. London, now the capital, not only of England, but of the United Kingdom, and all that territory without end which regards the unicorn as its tutelary genius, was once but the capital of Essex. The autocrats of the vast empire of Russia were once but the Grand Dukes of Moscow.

The Archdukes of Austria became Emperors in time, while the little Marquisate of Brandenburg became the nucleus of what is known to-day as the Prussian empire. We will abstain from making any comments upon this wonderful extension of territory and increase of power; although, if the truth must be spoken, many additions were made with but an indifferent reverence for the rights of others. We are only calling attention to a fact, which appears in glaring contrast with that which constitutes one of the many glories of the temporal sovereignty of the Church. Rome alone, the Rome of the Popes, sought no new conquests, was ambitious for no new territory, but was satisfied with the boundary lines which were evidently drawn in the beginning by divine Providence. On the contrary, the Church was so far from coveting new territory or more extensive domains, that very often she gave up what was evidently her own, for the sake of that peace which it was her divine mission to preach. In fact, as we shall see, the territory which she acquired after the treaty of Pavia was far less extensive than that to which she had an indisputable right, according to the terms of the promise of Quierzy. This is a question which we regard as inseparable with that of the territorial limits of the States of the Church, and a perfect understanding of which is necessary to the solution of many other questions, on the temporal power, of a more recent date. To comprehend it fully, we would beg the reader to call to mind two important events of the year 754, the promise of King Pepin made at Quierzy, and the treaty of Pavia, signed a few months afterwards by Stephen II, Pepin, and Astolph. The promise bore reference to the cities and provinces which Pepin was to have bestowed upon Stephen II, if God made him the conqueror of the Lombards.

The treaty of Pavia, signed after



the victory, was the execution of the promise. But the promise of Quierzy comprised far more than the treaty. In fact, as the "*Fragmentum Fantutianum*" reads, the promise embraced not only the Exarchy of Ravenna, Pentapolis, and the Duchy of Rome, which latter comprised the Campagna, Tuscia, and the Duchy of Perugia, but also the whole island of Corsica, the Duchy of Venice,\* and Istria, the Duchy of Spoleto, Tuscany of the Lombards, with the Duchies of Naples and Benevento, if Pepin should make a conquest of them; in short, all that territory which the Lombards had possessed or usurped in Italy. To the authority of the "*Fragmentum*" we may add that of Anastasius, in his Life of Pope Adrian. After narrating the visit of Charlemagne to Rome, and his solemn promise to Adrian, of making good the donation of Pepin, he enumerates the cities and provinces donated, which correspond with the enumeration of the "*Fragmentum*." The authority of Anastasius is confirmed by that of Leo Marcanus, who wrote his *Chronicon* about the end of the eleventh century. To all this, add the narration of Peter Manlius, a canon of the Vatican Basilica, who, besides giving a faithful description of the promise of Pepin, relates, that the names of all the cities donated by Pepin to the Church, were engraven in letters of silver, on the bronze doors of St. Peter's Basilica.† The chronicler saw these doors himself, for he says: "Et ides, ut putamus, in memoriam tam magnificæ donationis, nomina civitatum, quæ prænominatus Imperator huic Sacrosanctæ Ecclesiæ contulit, in *portis æneis*, quæ super gradus B. Petri fuere, videlicet, in troitu Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ inter turre, *argenteis litteris (sicut nos vidimus cum fratribus sæpissime) annotata fuere.*" (Therefore, as

we imagine, in remembrance of such a magnificent donation, the names of the cities which the above-mentioned Emperor bestowed upon this holy Church, were noted in silver letters (as we have often seen with our brethren) on the brazen doors which were on the steps of St. Peter's, that is, in the entrance of the church of St. Mary inter turre.) The promise of Pepin, therefore, embraced far more than its fulfilment, taking in nearly the whole of the peninsula south of the river Po. To explain this apparent disregard of the "good Pepin" for his promises, it will be necessary to return to a consideration of the times of which we write. "*Distingue tempora,*" says the proverb, "*et omnia bene concordabis.*" When Stephen II crossed the Alps to France, his probable design was, not only to regain those provinces which had been invaded by King Astulph, but to liberate the whole peninsula of Italy from the barbarous yoke of the Lombards. We have a proof of this in the letter of Paul I, brother and successor of Stephen, who certainly was privy to his counsels, to the Archbishop of Ravenna. Speaking of the voyage of his brother into France, he says, that it was undertaken, "*divino nutu ad redimendum cunctam hanc Italianam Provinciam, simulque et exarchatum Ravennanicum de manibus gentium;*" (by divine inspiration, to free this whole province of Italy, and, at the same time, the Exarchy of Ravenna, from the hands of the Gentiles.) Stephen was moved to take this step by several considerations, political as well as religious. In the first place, although the Lombards had lived in Italy for two centuries, they were still regarded by the Italians as invaders and enemies, and hated for their barbarous and ferocious manners. It is but natural then that they should look upon their falling under their yoke as the greatest misfortune which could possibly befall

\* Continental Venice. Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," was never under the Lombard yoke.

† These doors were destroyed in 1167, when Frederick Barbarossa set fire to the Basilica.

them. On the other hand, a reconciliation with them was impossible, as the experience of the thirty years previous proved. The wars, the invasions, the depredations, and the continued threats, with which the Lombards, who aimed at universal dominion in the peninsula, oppressed the Italians, not only aroused the old hatred, which began to exist between the Italians and the Lombards when the latter first appeared in Italy, but made their final expulsion or subjugation a necessity, not less imperious and urgent than was that of driving out the Heruli and the Goths. To these considerations we may add a third, of paramount importance, which must have actuated the penetrating mind and honest conscience of Pope Stephen. The supreme interests of religion were at stake. The independence of the Holy See was in danger. What would have been the condition of the Pope, living under the immediate rule of a king, such as Astulph or Desiderius? If Astulph, a stranger and an invader, was such a fiery persecutor of the Church, when he was far away from Rome, what would he not be, after having taken up his residence in the Eternal City itself? In such an hypothesis, the Pope might, with just reason, look forward to a slavery far more galling than that which he suffered under the Exarchs of Ravenna, or the Cæsars of Constantinople, and more destructive of the universal welfare of Christianity; inasmuch as the ever-changing conditions of society, and the multiplicity of new and independent kingdoms, which were fast rising up on the ruins of the Roman empire, made it an absolute necessity, then more than ever, that the Supreme Head of Christianity should be independent of every civil power. To ward off this danger, which was imminent, and which would continue to exist as long as the Lombards held power in Italy, there was no other way left to the Pope but to wrest this power from their hands.

The continued aggressions of the Lombards against the Romans and the Pope fully justified the latter in crushing their power forever by the victorious arms of the Franks. These are not mere conjectures. The tenor of the treaty of Quierzy establishes, beyond a doubt, that it was the intention of Pepin to annihilate the power of the Lombards. He mentions not only all the provinces and cities which the Lombards had unjustly usurped, but also the kingdom of Lombardy itself. The words of the treaty, already cited, are: "If the Lord our God shall make us the victors over the *nation and kingdom* of the Lombards." We gather the same from the Frankish annals which record the expedition of Pepin against the Lombards. The continuator of Fredegarius narrates, that, after the first victory of Pavia, Pepin, "yielding to the prayers of the priests and the Frankish nobles, granted his life and his *kingdom* to Astulph." To the prayers of these were added those of Stephen II, to whom Pepin answered, "Be it done according to thy command, most Holy Father!"

Now, if all this be recorded of Pepin as something unusual, something which truly took place at the prayers of the Pope, of the priests, and nobles, we must conclude, that the primary design of Pepin was the total extermination of the Lombards, to make a prisoner of their king, to bear him off into France, and dispose of him according to the usages of war then in vogue. It being clear then that the complete overthrow of the Lombard power in Italy was the first intention of Pepin, should it excite any wonder that his promise was so magnificent? If the piety and devotion of the Frankish king towards St. Peter was, as he himself protested, the only motive which induced him to undertake the expedition, what more natural than that he should vow the principal fruits of his victory to St. Peter?

But if the generous promise of



Pepin was not fulfilled, as he had sworn, it was not for want of power to accomplish it, and much less for want of loyalty. As he had stipulated, he marched against Astulph, reduced Pavia, and would soon have destroyed every vestige of the Lombard rule in Italy, had he been desirous of pushing his conquest further. But pity for the vanquished prevailed over him; the prayers of the priests and nobles overcame his first resolution; above all, the influence of the pontiff ruled him, for whom alone he had taken up arms, and who, wishing, on the one hand, to prevent the further effusion of blood, and hoping on the other, that the perfidious Lombard would repent of his former life, and after being humbled, turn over a new leaf, renounce the original purpose which brought him into France, and "*deprecatus est benignissimum regem, imminens salutifera prædicatione, ut pacificæ causæ finirentur*" (besought the most merciful king, urging him in a goodly discourse, that matters should be ended peaceably). Thus, Pepin was absolved, as it were, by the Pope himself, from the obligations of his first promise, and the treaty of Pavia modified that of Quierzy in a most important particular, since it changed its fundamental hypothesis, which was the extermination of the Lombards. Pepin was faithful to the new treaty, and to enforce its observance, he did not hesitate to cross the Alps a second time, and after a second victory, constrain the treacherous Lombard to render the "justice of St. Peter." The treaty of Pavia was, therefore, the political code which prevailed in Italy from 754 to 774, that is, during the last twenty years of the existence of the Lombards as a distinct nation. It was then that the incorrigible perfidy and rapacity of King Desiderius exhausted the patience and forbearance of the Franks, and Charlemagne, the heir of Pepin's chivalrous spirit as well as of his crown, became the

hero destined by God to smite the Lombards, and by their complete overthrow, rid Italy of a scourge second only to Attila himself. The treaty of Pavia ceased to have any force with the subjugation of the Lombards, and that of Quierzy, which had been suspended, not annulled, became a reality. It was in view of this treaty, that Pope Adrian urged Charlemagne, on the occasion of his visit to Rome, to make good the promise which had been made at Quierzy, and to which he himself, then a boy, had subscribed his name. As we have seen in a former paper, he complied at once with the request of the pontiff, and ordering the document of Quierzy to be read before him, he subscribed to it anew, and with him the bishops, abbots, and nobles of his suite. Thus all the rights acquired by the Holy See in virtue of the first treaty were confirmed anew, and from that date the political relations between the Popes and the Franks were regulated accordingly. From what has been said, the original conception of the territorial extension of the temporal dominion of the Church is clearly defined, and founded on the authority of historical monuments which admit of no controversy; and we will subjoin, that this conception throws a clear light on many subsequent facts in the history of the temporal power of the popes, which, at first sight, appear inexplicable. So much for the *conception*, the *idea*, so to speak, which was the result of the treaty of Quierzy. Let us now examine the *reality*, and we will do this in the light of the "Fragmentum Fantutianum," already quoted, the narration of Anastasius Bibliothecarius, the diplomas of Ludovicus Pius, the two Ottos, and Henry II. All these documents agree in the minutest particulars, though they derive their authority from different sources, an item which has an importance not to be overlooked in this question. Let us premise by stating,

that under the name of *city* is comprised also the whole province or territory of which it is the head or capital. In the exarchy of Ravenna properly so called, the Church possessed the cities of Ravenna, Ferrara, Gavello and Adria, Bologna, Imola, Faenza, Forli, Forlimpopoli, Cesma, Bobio, near Sarsina, and Serra, to which Pepin added the city of Comacchio in 756. In the Pentapolis, and under this name were comprised both the Maritime or Adriatic Pentapolis and the Mediterranean Pentapolis (both are also styled the *Decapolis*) are included the cities of Rimini, Pesaro, Conca, Fano, Sinigaglia, Jesi, Ancona, Osimo, Urnana, Acerragio, Monte Lucari, San Marino, Montefeltro, Urbino, Cagli, Luceoli, and Gubbio. The former of these two provinces comprised therefore those lovely and fertile plains, which extend from the eastern peak of the Apennines, between the Po and the Mareccha, away off to the Adriatic coast. In olden times they were called Emilia, Flaminia, and the Exarchy; in our days they are known by the name of Romagna. The second province began on the coast of the Adriatic, and rising between the rivers Mareccha and Musone, crossed the rugged crests of the Apennines, and descended on the western side of the mountains, towards the city of Perugia. All this tract of territory was known as the delegation of Urbino and Pesaro, and the delegation of Ancona. The Popes did not come into the possession of these two provinces until the year 756. The reader is already aware, that Astulph did not yield up one foot of the territory which he had invaded, and it was only after the second siege of Pavia, in 756, that the Abbot Fulrade received the keys of every one of these cities, and then repairing to Rome, placed them on the tomb of the Apostles in St. Peter's. Nay (and we cannot give any historical reason for the delay), the cities of

Gavello, Ferrara, and Faenza, were not given up until the middle of the year 757, when Desiderius became king of the Lombards; while the cities of Bologna, Imola, Ancona, Osimo, and Urnana were occupied by Desiderius for some years after.

But, besides the Exarchy and the Pentapolis, over which the Popes never exercised any authority before the treaty of Pavia, the Pontifical States comprised Rome and the *Duchy* thereof, over which the Popes had exercised supreme authority long before, and of which the Byzantine emperors were but the nominal sovereigns. The power of the emperors had ceased, imperceptibly dwindled away, as we have already seen, and the Popes before Stephen II were sovereigns in all but the title. If the treaty of Pavia invested the Roman Pontiffs with sovereign power over a territory which had rarely, if ever, felt their influence, and to which they had no other claims than those which might be founded on a supposed wish of the people to have their spiritual Father as their king, and the donation of Pepin, with a hundred-fold more reason should it establish him in the peaceful possession of Rome and the Duchy, which, for so many years previous, knew no sovereign authority but his, and the liberation of which from the invasion of the Lombards constituted the principal motive of the expedition of Pepin. To complete our map of the States of the Church we must add the Duchy of Rome. It was divided into two parts, having Rome for their centre, and the Tiber, from Rome to Ostia, as the common boundary. That part which lies on the left bank of the Tiber was called Campania Romana, and extended beyond Ceprano, on the Liri, as far as Terracina, comprising the suburban cities of Tivoli, Segui, Ferentino, Alatri, Frosinone, Velletri, and Patrico, that is, all that part of the country south of Rome, which goes under the name of Comarca, together



with the Roman Campagna, and the province along the coast of the Mediterranean. The part on the right bank of the Tiber was called *Tuscia Romanorum* (Roman Tuscany) in contradistinction to the *Tuscia Longobardorum*. It comprised all that territory which was known by the particular name of "Patrimony of St. Peter." Beginning at the sea, between the Tiber and the Marta, it extended northeast towards the Sabine country, above the spot where the Nera flows into the Tiber, and bounded by the course of that river, it spread out towards Perugia, near the confines of Gubbio, where it also touched the boundary line of the Pentapolis, and by that narrow neck of land, interposed between Lombard Tuscany and the Duchy of Spoleto, it was the connecting link between the northern and southern provinces of the Pontifical States. This part contained the cities of Porto, Centocelle, afterwards called Civitavecchia, Cere, Maturano, Blera, Sutri, Nepi, Bomarzo, Gallese, Orta, Otricoli, Narni, Todi, Ameria, and Perugia, with Lake Trasimene and its three islands. Narni had been occupied for many years by the Lombards, but in 756 it returned to the Duchy of Rome, to which it belonged *ab antiquo*. This was the extension and form of the Pontifical States under Pope Stephen II. They were hemmed in on all sides by the Lombards. The Exarchy and Roman Tuscany had for their immediate neighbors the Lombards proper and the Lombard Tuscans. The Campania and the Pentapolis were bounded respectively by the Duchy of Beneventum (which corresponded to the Kingdom of Naples *that was*), and that of Spoleto. The eighteen years of the reign of Desiderius, the last of the Lombards, prove that the new States had very troublesome neighbors. But the victories of the brave Charlemagne changed the whole aspect of Italy, and strengthened the foundations of

that beautiful edifice, which his father had principally erected. It was a noble work, and worthy of the magnanimous soul of Pepin. In it he satisfied the longings of the Italian people, who, from time immemorial before, were the willing subjects of the Popes. He recognized and confirmed the many titles which the Popes had acquired to the possession of these provinces, proclaimed to the whole world the intrinsic legitimacy of their cause, crowned with a just reward the trials and sufferings which they had undergone in their efforts to defend Italy, and finally established the peninsula in the quiet enjoyment of that political peace to which it had been a stranger so long. By destroying the power of the Lombards, the last invaders of the soil, he closed, so to speak, the era of barbarian invasions, and gave back the land to its rightful owners. He reinstated Rome, whose rights, confirmed by a possession of centuries previous, had been suspended, not annulled, by the Lombard occupation. But the Rome of those days was no longer the Rome of the Cæsars, who had long years before abandoned the city. It was the Rome of the Popes, to whom, with far more justice than to the Cæsars Augustus, was given the title of "*Pater Patriæ*." The Senate and people had long since ceased to recognize any other prince in the Republic—which was then called "*Res publica sancta Romanorum*" (The Holy Roman Republic)—but St. Peter, "*Princeps perpetuus*" (everlasting Prince), in the indefectible succession of the Popes. From the tenor of the treaty of Quierzy, we gather that the generous Frank contemplated making the successor of Peter the sovereign of the whole of Italy, and in doing this he would only have given back to Rome its ancient rights, by inaugurating the new dominion of the Eternal City. And lest the meekness of the Popes might embolden adventurers, he

asked for the title of "Patrician of the Romans," Defender of the Romans, an office which seems to have been destined by divine Providence for the rulers of the French people ever since. Indeed, the subsequent history of France has proved, to an evidence, that her greatest glory and surest pledge of that ever-increasing power, which suffered a sorrowful humiliation, only in our times, consisted in her noble and generous defence of the Holy See. In this capacity France has always been drawn towards Italy, and these two nations, bound in a common alliance around the throne of the Roman Pontiff, have formed, in a measure, one people, at least in sympathy and love for the Holy See. Pepin's conception may not have been realized to the letter, but such as it was, and we have no hesitation in making the statement, none more suited to restore and insure, for the future, the fortunes of the French and Italian people, bound together by so many ancient ties, could be imagined in our own day. Nay, since we have touched upon the things of the present we will go farther. The Italian unity, which is talked of so much now, and which is regarded as an "established fact," cannot subsist, or have any strength, without the Pope as its centre and spring of action. Catholic Italy, such as eighteen centuries of Christianity have made her, has not, neither can she have any other centre. That unity, *alla*

*Longobarda*, or better, *alla Piemontese*, has been effected by violence and glaring injustice, and, if it be true that history past is prophetic of history future, the life of United Italy does not promise to last long. God has permitted it an existence of five years, but they have been years of calamities to the Italian people, perhaps more fatal than those which would have befallen the nation had it passed under the yoke of the barbarian Astulph in the eighth century. As to France, she well knows that her primacy among Catholic nations is indissolubly united with the office assigned her by divine Providence, that of champion of the Church. She has always been jealous of it, and even those of her rulers who in the past had but an indifferent love for the Holy See never forgot that, in defending that See, they were venerating the dearest and most salutary traditions of their nation. We know of one sovereign who departed from the traditions of his country, and betrayed the sacred trust which was left him as an inheritance—one who, unlike the chivalrous Frank of the eighth century, not only refused to defend, but basely betrayed the successor of Stephen II into the hands of a modern Lombard. But the death-bed at Chiselhurst has its own significance to say the least, and as for the Lombard we will conclude with the words of his august victim, "There is One who sees, and will judge."

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"Is Virtue, then, and Piety the same?"  
 No; Piety is more: 'tis Virtue's source;  
 Mother of every worth, as that of joy.  
 Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;  
 They smile at Piety; yet boast aloud  
 Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part  
 What Nature joins; and thus confute themselves.



## VETERAN CATHOLIC PAPERS.

ON February 13th, of this year of grace, the *Pittsburg Catholic* entered the thirty-second year of its existence, and with a most honorable record. The venerable and respected name of Jacob Porter has been inscribed on its editorial columns for many a year. It has never increased its subscription price; it has always been a sterling, independent, dignified Catholic paper; it has not veered around the four quarters of the political compass. Started on the 16th of March, 1844, it has followed its even tenor of life, and has done a great deal of good. Were it not for its sterling qualities it could not have existed so long without *shifting* and *trimming*, which it has never done.

It received its breath of life from the lamented Dr. Michael O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburg, which See he resigned in May, 1860, to enter the humble life of a novice, in the company of Jesus. A pleasant anecdote is related of the Rt. Rev. candidate, whilst going through his noviceship in Inspruck. Of course he had laid aside all the insignia of the episcopate; no ring; no pectoral cross; no *distinctive episcopal ceremonies at mass*; his former dignity was never alluded to; with the exception of the superiors, no one knew they had a *Monseigneur* in their humble ranks. But unluckily one day he was the victim of that *absentmindedness*, by which all great men are so often placed in very ludicrous plights. So it happened that as he turned around, after the *Gloria*, to say *Dominus vobiscum*, as the rubric prescribes for the clergy of the *minor order*, hark! the bishop novice gives out in his deep-toned voice PAX VOBIS! It fell like a bomb-shell among those innocent souls. At the recreation hour his sensation was like one who had poked into

a bee-hive; he was assailed, cornered, vanquished.

I asked him once if he could deny the occurrence of his mishap, but he couldn't; he only said: *Se non è vero è ben trovato*.

*Ad nos*: P. F. Boylan was the printer and publisher of the *Pittsburg Catholic* until March, 1847, when it passed into the hands of Jacob Porter. Twenty-eight years proprietor and editor of a paper, and as I know it for a positive fact, week after week often alone! Brother Jacob, if you have had God before you all this time, you are a lucky man. God bless you! In the first number there is an honorable mention of dear, dear John Roddân, whose name appears as an English speaker among the forty-nine pupils who took part in the Polyglot Exhibition of Propaganda in Rome on Epiphany Day. It also records that "James R. Bayley received minor orders in the Cathedral of Cincinnati." In that same *first* number there is a most interesting article on the Common Schools.

I am the lucky owner of a perfect file of the *Pittsburg Catholic*. Truly it is a treasure. O! for the time and leisure to dive into those pages, and draw the wholesome waters of learning and wisdom therein gathered by the pens of the two O'Connors, and many good earnest men, both lay and clerical, of that important portion of the Fold. Had I the power to exact it, how I would urge on Dr. James O'Connor to mark *albo lapillo* his brother's articles, that we might collect them into a respectable volume of precious essays. Poor as the writer of these lines is, he would fain make some sacrifice to contribute toward such compilation. Yes, the idea should not be let to fall unheeded. You, Mr. *Editor*, might prevail on your brother editor to "spot"

the pieces, and surely we shall be able, even with so much stupid apathy staring us in the face, to raise a monument to the glory of one of our greatest prelates, to the honor of God, and of his Church. There, now, the ball is set in motion, who will keep it rolling? I, for one, I am willing to lend a hand, rachitic as it is, though not entirely bereft of its cunning.

*Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.*

*The Crusader*, a lively little paper, published in Summitsville, Pa., under the auspices of Rev. Messrs. J. McCullagh, J. Walsh, and J. Mullen, during 1852 and 1853, after two years existence, was merged into the *Catholic*. The writer would feel under great obligation to any one who would allow him the loan of it, and far more were he offered the *Crusader* for purchase.

*The Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio. If my memory serves me right the *Telegraph* once styled itself "the oldest Catholic paper in America," *i. e.*, since the unfortunate demise of the *Miscellany*. Its last number before me (February 18th, 1875) is marked vol. xlv, No. 7, forty-four years of existence for a Catholic paper in the United States; it is, indeed, something worth boasting of. Yet the *Telegraph* has not run such an even and uninterrupted career as the glorious old *Pittsburg Catholic*.

I might as well here as anywhere else beg forgiveness for any shortcoming in these writings, for I draw from memory in the most of my statements. Notes and references are not at my command at this moment.

No. 1, vol. i, of the *Catholic Telegraph*, made its appearance in Cincinnati, October 22d, 1831. The *salutatory* was in the very best taste. Who wrote it? The sainted Bishop Fenwick, O. S. D., had just returned from an extensive visitation of five months to a distant part of his diocese, Upper Michigan; he died the

following year, a death not unlike that of the great St. Francis Xavier. In 1833, October 13th, the Patriarch of our Prelates was consecrated. There is no indication whatever in this first number of editor or publisher; at the bottom of the eighth and last page we only read: "Xaverian Press, year of the Cathedral, Sycamore Street." But the glorious old motto, so faithfully adhered to, shines at the heading: *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis Libertas, in omnibus Caritas*.

Caustic as the *Telegraph* may have appeared at times in its tone, it cannot be gainsaid, that even when most provokingly provoked, charity never lost her sway over the editor's pen. Had charity abandoned the helm, the effect must have been disastrous. We do not feel warranted in allotting to the *Telegraph* the palm of the most guarded or very suave temper; but this we can say, charity has had a powerful sway over its editorials.

At the end of No. 1 of vol. ii we read, "Published every Friday morning by William A. O'Hara, at the Catholic bookstore, Sycamore Street, etc." The tact exhibited in the conduct of the paper from the very beginning, is of the very highest order, the more so as it appears that very untoward difficulties were to be overcome at almost every issue of the *Telegraph*. The agent for the *Telegraph* (July, 1835), in Boston, near which place these lines are written, was one J. Dogherty [sic]: in Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Mr. Blenkinsop; Blairsville, Rev. J. Stillinger; Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., M. McCullough, P. M.

In vol. iv, No. 1, Dec. 3d, 1835, we read: "The receipts of last year have equalled the expenditure!" not very bad, considering. But who was the editor, meanwhile?

At this time *The Catholic Advocate* had been existing in Kentucky for some years; I say existing, not flourishing, for as its ancient editor wrote to me some ten years ago, "it



was a *Catholic paper*, no politics about it. Therefore it *could not live*." If my memory is not at fault, the *Advocate* saw the light first in Bardstow, edited by a clergyman (Rev. Fr. De Luynes, S. J.), and published by B. J. Webb, a name eminent in the history of the Catholic Church in Kentucky, in the beginning of the year of our Lord 1836; in 1841 or thereabout it removed to Louisville, where it tried hard to live until 1861, when it was sold to the *Telegraph of Cincinnati*, which was published for some time under the title of *Telegraph and Advocate*. Among the writers of the *Advocate* we find such names as Martin J. Spalding, John McGill, and P. J. Lavialle, three stars of first magnitude in the galaxy of our glorious hierarchy, W. E. Clarke, B. J. Webb, etc.

*The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph* has borne aloft on its editorial banner the name of Rev. Edward Purcell, a genial, warm-hearted, independent, honest writer, who, to a bountiful supply of uncommon common-sense, blends the acute discrimination of a lawyer, a clear knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and felicitous way of expressing himself. He has been for some years very ably assisted by the Rev. T. F. Callahan, whose editorials are no playthings. Indeed, Father Callahan is an extraordinary man. Were we presumptuous enough to express our wishes, we would suggest that he will sometimes curtail the exuberance of his ideas, which generate from his mind, and flow from his pen like the rattle of ten thousand rifles, and, secondly, that he was allowed more leisure to devote himself more closely to the newspaperial life for which he is so admirably adapted.

*The New York Freeman's Journal* was born and thus christened A.D. 1840, July 4th. It came to light in a very unpretentious way (*quantum mutatus ab isto!*), a short prospectus only appearing in a corner of the last page. Bishop Hughes, "the amiable and distinguished digni-

tary," announces, in a letter dated June 1st, from Dublin, that he may be looked for at home by the 15th of July. *The New York Freeman's Journal* was "published for the Proprietor, by W. E. Fitzgibbon, 150 Fulton Street."

*The Cincinnati Telegraph*, Sept. 29th, 1865, has the following record: "John E. White died Sunday last, September 24th, brother to Judge James E. [W.?] White, of this city, and a nephew of Gerald Griffin. In conjunction with his brother, Judge White, he started the *Freeman's Journal*, and attended to its business department, while his brother edited the paper." I have seen it mentioned somewhere that after editing *The Freeman's Journal* four years, he retired with a loss of four thousand dollars! He was succeeded by Eugene Casserly, who vacated the editorial chair in behalf of John T. Devereux. All this I quote from memory. In 1841, the *New York Catholic Register* (born in 1839) was merged into *The New York Freeman's Journal*. In 1842 Bishop Hughes became the proprietor of the *Journal*, and in 1847 the *Journal* was sold to James A. McMaster, than whom few editors have been endowed with greater gifts.

*New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*, Saturday, March 6th, 1875, vol. xxxv, No. 51. Thirty-five years.

In 1857, July 4th, "James A. McMaster, editor and proprietor. Still forward. On this anniversary of our National Independence, we commence the eighteenth volume of the *Freeman's Journal*, and the tenth year of our labors as its responsible editor."

In 1861, in August, the *Freeman's Journal* was interdicted. Its last number, *pro tem.*, appeared, August 24th, 1861, vol. xxii, No. 8.

The future historian will have a racy subject to deal with in the interesting chapter of the history of Catholic newspapers at this epoch.

When will it be written? We are a generation of procrastinators. It may be presumptuous, aye, it may border on profanity, but I feel as if I was *vox clamantis in Deserto*. In sooth, I have cried myself hoarse, and squeezed my marsupium to a pricked football. Never mind; better times, stronger hands, mightier heads will appear on the scene; but alas! the sources will then be dried up, and the cisterns broken.

Let me explain. There still lives, blind indeed, but with a clear head and powerful mind, the sainted venerable Father John McElroy, S. J. He has lived almost a hundred years. He is waiting for the last summons in the peaceful and hallowed retreat of the Novitiate in Frederick, Md.; the city he loves, as Jerusalem was loved by those who wept over her misfortunes. The glorious old man is surrounded by a brood of young apostles, future hopes of the Catholic Church in the United States, who are learning the tactics and furnishing weapons for the approaching conflicts. They visit the good father whom they love so tenderly; they read to him, and cheer the darkened days of his "prolonged sojourning." . . . "But why not improve those precious remnants of a most precious existence by taking down the notes of a seventy years' experience on the field where so many battles he has fought and gained, where he has met with and enjoyed the confidence of the great champions of the faith. O! what an immense love of sacred records to be treasured for the edification and instruction of future combatants; but it is all lost. . . .

"No, perhaps, it is not lost; perhaps the work is being done. May be; God grant it *is* done. The humble and obscure voice of the writer has been raised again and again, beseeching, imploring, directly and indirectly. What a labor of love to sit at the feet of the Holy Hester, and collect *fragmenta ne pereant*.

"*Revertamur*: Interdict and La-

fayette, bludgeons and pistols, what power had they against the *Irrepressible*? They thought they had put the *Freeman's Journal* down. Apparently, on the 24th of August, it saw its last day. But it was only *pro tem*; it did not give up the ghost. With a louder voice the editor sends forth in defiant tones the *New York Freeman's Appeal*, vol. i, No. 3 (which is the number before me). But despotism, for, what other name can express the *then* existing rule of government in these particulars, what other word can the writer employ, strong republican and Northern Union man as he may happen to be? Despotism had its day, and died an ignominious death." . . .

I would like to reprint here McMaster's manifesto for the year of salvation, 1866. But time and patience fail me, and I wish to close these desultory records.

*The Boston Pilot*. I shall not be long about it. I must be short, for the very reason that there is too much to say about the *Pilot*. Its ups and downs, its struggles, its courses and journeys through straight avenues and crooked ways, its editors, its battles, manly fought and generously gained, its policy, its merits and its demerits, etc., etc., will afford a most singular chapter on "Curiosities of Literature." The indomitable energy of its proprietor, the scissoring power wielded in a way that no other paper can surpass, the wonderful and mysterious system of its management, the obloquy with which it has been assailed, and the praises with which it has been overwhelmed, the vyelements seem to have combined against its existence. . . . Once it even advanced to the rescue of powerful adversaries who had risen in antagonism against it (perhaps with cause), and who, but for the very man whom they attacked, would have sunk into ignominious depths. Are not all these paragraphs for an extraordinary chapter of truths stranger than fiction?



Boston, Saturday, March 6th, 1875, vol. xxxviii, No. 10. Thirty-eight years of existence!

The veterans, therefore, rank their years of service on this month of March, 1875, thus:

- I. *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- II. *The Pilot*, Boston, Mass.
- III. *The New York Freeman's Journal*.
- IV. *The Catholic*, Pittsburg, Pa.

Of these, *Deo favente*, I know a detailed history will be given to the public, with accurate indexes and historical notes. He who contemplates the work has already a list of one hundred and twenty-nine papers (weeklies) since 1822. But I am more than confident that the list will swell up to more than one hundred and fifty. To this list must be added a goodly number of such as cannot be properly called *Catholic*, yet were or are published by Catholic-born men, who would resent the least doubt or reflection shed on their *simon-pure* orthodoxy.

One remark I cannot refrain from making in connection with my rhapsodical subject. Since 1822, when the first *professedly* Catholic periodical was issued in the United States, to 1846, two other weeklies sprang into existence, a mention whereof cannot be omitted without a well-merited censure of inaccuracy.

First, The *Propagateur Catholique* (New Orleans, 1844), I own to my memory playing false at the very beginning of this paper. The New Orleans *Propagateur* is an excellent paper, published both in English and French; it braved the storm of the rebellion; it has reckoned among its contributors some of the very best men of the South; and he who is the lucky owner of a complete file of it, possesses a literary treasure second to none in wealth of literary, political, and ecclesiastical lore, and superior to the majority of our periodicals. To it the tribute should be

paid of a separate and exclusive article, *Exoriare aliquis!*

Second, The *Catholic Herald*, Philadelphia, 1833. Of it, more anon.

The sprightly *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, made its appearance in 1849; it is the organ of several Catholic prelates; its history is full of interest; its Southern instincts are an index of Southern chivalry and boldness.

*Cui bono?* methinks I hear some one exclaiming at this long rignamole. Well, I sat down to jot a little item of record and praise of the good old *Pittsburg Catholic*. An association of ideas conjured up parallel of other veterans of the Catholic press, and I just let the few recollections of my memory flow from the pen as they crowded into it. But will you not agree with me, dear reader, that in sober truth a very interesting history of the Catholic newspapers in this country, and of their editors, might be written? Were I to open the contents of an old box, and show you the packages of slips alphabetically arranged, containing titles and notices of Catholic papers and editors, with a farrago of anecdotes collected during many years, you would forgive me for having claimed such a large space of an interesting and favorite monthly. But, then, why should not I be proud of these men, aye, and women too, of my own creed, who have struggled so nobly against all odds? Where are we to find so many hidden treasures of eloquence, stories of saintly deeds of prelates, heroism of missionaries, bearing of laymen, wonders of endurance, divine vitality of holy and good Mother Church, living assistance of her Spouse and Founder, but in newspapers and periodicals? Apace with the glorious monuments of cathedrals, ecclesiastical and literary institutions, have not newspapers and magazines grown and increased, interpreters, as it were, of what is written on brick and stone? Yea, the material stony landmarks,

pointing to the advance of our faith, are mute indeed if not endowed with life, and proclaim their worth and enduring merits through the clarion tones of the daily press.

From the incomparable weeklies and quarterlies of Matthew Carey, at the close of the last, of Robert Walsh, Jr., at the beginning of this century, and of Bishop England's *Miscellany* (1822) to the last excellent weekly, the *Catholic Columbian*, edited by Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohio, the *monthly* by the Jesuits of New Mexico, and the Catholic magazine just sprung into existence, under the editorship of B. I. Dorward, the gifted author of *Wild Flowers of Wisconsin*. . . . O! what a subject for a wonderful and most interesting history.

Nor should I hesitate to quote as an instance of the claims which such serials have to an appreciative record in the history of the Catholic press in these United States, the very magazine to which these remarks are consigned; for had the RECORD no other claim but that of reproducing in a lasting form the lucubrations of Patrick E. Moriarty, S.T.D. and O. S.A., its publishers should be proud of their work. *Turgid*, may some hypercritical *critics* call the Doctor's style; but his articles are solid, and will supply many a new-fledged aspirer to oratorical and controversial fame with a mine of erudition, the fruit of a patient, painstaking, long, laborious life. His "Letters to a Protestant Friend" will long be referred to as one of the very best polemic works edited in this country. They are an arsenal of deadly weapons against the adversaries of the Catholic Church.

On the other hand, we seem disposed to boast of our own deeds as if nothing like what *we* are now doing had been done before. Literary societies, Catholic institutes, associations to promote charity, learning, the arts, and *it genus omne*, we often hear spoken of as the work

of the day *exclusively*. And yet the same works of industry, patience, and heroic endurance have been undertaken and carried on from the very dawn of Catholicity in Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and New Orleans, and St. Louis. After a whole day spent in the laborious and oftentimes dispiriting duties of a Catholic professional life, entirely at the discretion of suffering, needy, and importunate humanity, we enjoy the refreshing and invigorating rest of an hour spent in conning the columns of an old Catholic newspaper. These remarks were presented to my mind whilst skipping over an early volume (1838) of the Philadelphia *Catholic Herald*. What many-colored and fragrant flowers have I culled from a garden, seemingly neglected, yet even this day cultivated. For the good old *Catholic Herald*, the cherished creation of Francis Patrick Kenrick, is it not living in the pages of the *Standard*, under the admirable editorship of its present editor? How many husbandmen have taken charge of that field? Aye, let me say it; how hard the struggle against the total dilapidation of that time-honored and fruitful soil! But the *Herald* has "lived on like the live coal in the embers hidden among the ashes," and like the glorious country which liveth by the benedictions of its founder, seems to have ever warmed the "old stock," if I may be allowed the word in this connection, into a fondness for its existence, and the perpetuation of those primitive, simple, and bold persevering inspirations, which breathed into it the first breath of life.

The *Catholic Miscellany* made its appearance as a weekly in 1822. It unfortunately laid itself down to die when it disowned its origin, to wit: the United States *Catholic Miscellany*, and renamed itself the Charleston *Catholic Miscellany* (April 13th, 1861). Five weeklies followed, all defunct, except the veteran (1831) *Catholic Telegraph*, until



1833, when the Philadelphia *Catholic Herald* first saw the light, and has ever since lived; first, under its original name, then under the name of the *Catholic Standard*. Philadelphia has also given a short life to two Catholic papers, to wit: the *Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine*, published by Mr. W. J. Cunningham, June, 1846 to June, 1848, as far at least as I can learn from the copy before me. It was an excellent paper, eight pages, 8vo., at the moderate sum of two dollars per annum. The publisher must have intended it for a speculation, the profits whereof were to be returned in heaven. Then the *Catholic Weekly Instructor* (1850).<sup>\*</sup> The Philadelphia *Herald*, afterwards entitled the *Catholic Herald and Visitor*, under the editorship of J. and J. B. Duffey (1860), passed through the hands of several editors, some of them eminent in learning and position, the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler among the rest. It *suspended* at last, after having been metamorphosed into the *Universe*, the *Irish Tribune*, a few years ago. I say it *suspended*; for has not its mantle fallen on the stout and meritorious shoulders of the *Standard*, now in its tenth year?

But space and time fail us, else willingly would I enter upon a detailed history of a paper, than which none can afford a keener interest, a more illustrious, although checkered

and sorely tried career. Its history would bring on the scene men of remarkable talents, devoted zeal, and disinterested mind.

We cannot refrain urging again on those on whom God may have bestowed the necessary talents, the necessity of contriving such means as will secure to the children of our Beloved Mother a knowledge of her literary history. Although the apathy with which our people look upon such pursuits is very discouraging, yet I am not hopeless. With the progress of Catholicity, better ideas will be instilled into the scientific, literary, religious economy of our institutions of learning, ecclesiastical and secular. With such improvements will grow apace the feeling of pride on what our sires have done.

Up then, and to work! Let us establish a Catholic Historical Society, and let us intrust to the hands of faithful Catholic officers all the documents and records, be they ever so small and apparently insignificant. Let us have a Catholic historiographer. We have *among us* men adapted for the responsibilities of the office; men of superior attainments, acknowledged as such by scientific associations in America and in Europe; let us inscribe on tablets that cannot be effaced, the literary, scientific, and religious monuments of our sires, and of our contemporaries, for the edification, instruction, and honest pride of our children.

<sup>\*</sup> The writer of this article will pay a liberal price for the possession of either of the above weeklies, and of old volumes of the *Catholic Herald*. Address Rev. J. M. Finotti, Arlington, Mass.

## "UNTO THESE LEAST."

## II.

It was on a pretty street, a fairy street, gemmed with well-tended gardens, and shaded with graceful trees, and outlined by broad, handsomely laid sidewalks; a street, where daintily built homes stood smiling on the passer-by; a street, where modest competence brightly adorned its chosen resting-places for the happy recipients of these dwellings; it was here that this unknown awaited the little street Arab. Here, darlings of cheerful households played in bright family groups, whereof the same fair cast of countenance was stamped on all, from the manly boy, or sweet half-developed maiden, to the flaxen-haired baby toddling in eager emulation of firmer footsteps; or larger crowds of laughing children softly flitted about the place, intent on merriment that knew no shadow. Here, in the morning, fathers bade farewell to rosy little hands striving noisily for the last clasp of hands at the pretty gates, while mothers stood in the background on the threshold of the door, with crowing babies essaying their farewell; and here, in the soft shadow of the evening, the happy voyagers on the sea of business returned to be greeted by boisterous welcome of the same tongues and hearts. Here innocence found shelter in mothers' care and fathers' protection; here the taste of the bitter fruit of the accursed tree was averted from baby lips; here home wove its angelic circle of charm from the world's dread spell, and God's image in the children's souls was the fairest gem of all that circle held undimmed.

Through this little paradise on earth, the portly old figure limped its way, leading the waif by the hand, with as gentle a touch, and as considerate an air, as if he were leading a child of royalty. And out of upper

windows and open doors women's eyes, eyes of mothers and wives, looked on the pair, some in mockery, some in pity, all in wonder. Said Mrs. Rose to Mrs. Lily across her garden hedge of feathery green:

"Just look! What can old Mr. Vinton be doing with that terrible-looking child?"

And said Mrs. Lily in reply: "Adopting her, I guess! more of his oddities. Ugh!" This was a pretty, dainty feminine shudder.

"More likely taking her to the House of Refuge!" croaked old Miss Garlic, from her upper window. "This neighborhood is no place for such! Keep the children in to-day, my dear, the air is tainted already!" and she closed her window, smiling sardonically, while the two blooming mothers glanced towards the white-curtained ones of their respective nurseries with looks of defiance. Whereat, Mrs. Tulip, seeing from across the street that "something was going on," glided over and joined the group.

"What *can* Mr. Vinton mean, my dears?" she asked, all out of breath, "and how do you think Miss Susanna and Miss Eva will like it?"

"That's not the question," pouted Mrs. Rose, "it's how will *we*, his neighbors, like it, with our crowds of innocent darlings!"

"True, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Lily; "he ought to remember we're almost like one family on this street, and can't be interfered with by his whims!"

"And such a sight I never saw!" cried Mrs. Tulip; "exactly my idea of a little jail-bird!"

Miss Garlic appeared at her door, arrayed in street costume.

"Forming a protective union, ladies?" she sneered, as she proceeded to open her gate and pass out. "What anxious lives mothers do lead!"



And a little farther on her way, she added:

"How I hate them, with their 'darlings,' and how I detest the dainty darlings too! I hope old Vinton will let the 'jail-bird' loose among the sickening doves!"

Now to the group she left was added simple little Mrs. Mignonette, with her baby on her arm, and said she,

"Oh! did you see that forlorn-looking little thing old Mr. Vinton was bringing home with him? My heart ached for her."

"Better ache for yourself and your neighbors," cried one of the indignant trio.

"Yes, with infection of soul and body brought amongst us!" piped another.

"And Heaven knows what evil to our innocent children," wound up the third.

"Dear me," timidly answered soft-voiced, little Mrs. Mignonette, her hazel eyes dewy, "I thought we might all offer to do something for the poor little creature, especially as the Vintons are not used to children. And we came over to see if any one would go there with us, didn't us, baby?" This last, to cover her confusion at the indignant looks cast upon her. Baby crowed a joyous reply, and caught its mother by a golden lock straying over her temple, whereby he conveniently screened her from a view of noses sniffing the air for her benefit, and glances of defiance and contempt careering hotly all around her, and falling short of their mark, by the simple obstacle of that blessed chubby hand. But now the group was joined by nearly all the blooming matrons, whose business and whose beautiful pride it was *to* bloom in the various homes of which they were the queens, and a regular indignation meeting was held, and little Mrs. Mignonette was overpowered, and her sentiments declared dangerous and unworthy of a careful mother, and the presence of

the little street Arab defined an outrage, and the best of measures decided on to counteract it, and baby Mignonette had to convoy his mother home in a state of bewilderment as to what she had done, and a state of fear of doing anything more, and a state of general confusion and shame-facedness; such is the effect of the tongue feminine on timid little people of her stamp.

Meanwhile, the Mr. Vinton, unconscious of the storm he had raised amongst these full-blown flowers of womanhood, proceeded to enter a cottage at the end of this paradisiacal street, which was the least pretentious of all the cottages thereon situated. It was small, and white, and softly draped with vines, and from its latticed windows smiled out flowers, and in its garden beds bloomed the same in rich profusion. But a stillness, as of some fairy spell, was upon the place, and everything looked as if it might have stood for ages just as now, and never once been disturbed. It was not a place, either, about which any sign of wealth revealed itself; all seemed like the work of hands whose pleasant labor supplied what was lacking in money.

"Look," said a lady, seated in a very neat, but rather humbly furnished sitting-room inside, that held a view of the street; "Look, Eva, at what your uncle is bringing in!"

The "what" could not have been emphasized more sardonically by Miss Garlic herself. The lady was not young and tall, and a trifle angular, and her face held suppressed defiance of something or some one, and her voice, a certain muffled tone, as if it concealed a constant shriek. She, whom she addressed as Eva, was in the very bloom of early womanhood, airily and smilingly beautiful, with velvet, rosy face, and pouting childish smile lighting it, and eyes bright, but not deep, sweet, but not earnest.

"Shame, Aunt Susanna!" rippled out her voice, like the echo of a

merry laugh just ended in her heart ; "I thought from your unfeeling what—it was a boot-jack, or a fly-brush, or maybe something extra nice for dinner. I wish it had been the latter," archly, and with a would-be pathetic little sigh. "Lobster, for instance, or, oh! how vulgar I am, green turtle!"

By this time the door had opened, and Mr. Vinton, holding his charge by the hand, stood before them.

"See, Susanna," he said, gently, and with a simplicity quite refreshing to any earnest student of nature, who might have noted the expressions of disgust and indignation that chased each other, quite regardless of appearances, over "Susanna's" face, "this poor child needs care—will you please see to the feminine part of it, and I'll do the rest!"

"Good gracious, Stephen," she cried, in a tone without the muffler on the shriek palpable to the astonished atmosphere, "what am I to do with such a—a—"

"Don't say it," he mildly interposed, "the little waif has a heart."

"And then, aunt," cried Eva, in her merry way, going over and standing with uplifted, dimpled hands before the child, "let me be Mr. Dick on the present occasion. I'll tell you promptly what to do with her." She made a sort of trumpet out of the dimpled hands, and directing it towards the immovable Susanna, whispered through it,

*"Wash her!"*

"You are insufferable, Eva!" cried the indignant spinster.

"Lord! but yer purty!" broke out the little street Arab, "the image o' them there dolls in the winders on Market Street I've offen cried fur stannin' in the rain o' nights when no fine folks was around. Lord, but yer purty!"

Then she stood before her with clasped hands, as a worshipper stands before a shrine. There was a certain grace in the very simplicity of the

forlorn and ragged figure's attitude which the old gentleman and the young girl alike took in. But the suppressed feeling Miss Susanna's face held, now suppressed itself no longer. It broke out in undisguised jealousy, as the bitter words escaped her lips,

"*'Doll!*' you've said truly, beggar! *'Doll!'*"

"Yes; dolls is the purtiest things I ever seen!" unconsciously proceeded the child, "but of course that there washes off, an' hers don't. Oh! I'm so tired!" and quite guiltless of offence, she sank on the floor, and sat in ungainly, cross-legged attitude.

"Funny pet, uncle," said Eva, with charming archness of manner, "but I for one must say she displays remarkably good taste, and of course a good deal can be made out of her. But, you see, I'm so bad to help you about her! I'm afraid it would be like the flowers, or canary, that I took too much care of one time, and starved another, and the whole collection would have died only for you!"

"Blossom!" cried the old man, fondly, "no one expects you to think yet! But you, Susanna; you spend your whole time in societies for the amelioration of all the evils, feminine, under the sun. You're the president of that big convention for the purpose of reforming the present system of education for girls, and I hear on all sides you're an able reformer. Didn't you 'crusade' too, till the bubble burst in a most effective manner? Now here's decidedly raw material to work on; take it up, and immortalize yourself. I'll be at all the expense, if you give the needful exercise of feminine virtues."

"Strange," she answered tartly, "that you can talk so glibly about expense, when you refused last week to get a new carpet for the parlor, though I represented to you, that it was needed on account of the number of ladies who call here, since I



became connected with those reform movements."

"Well,"—it must here be owned that confusion became visible on his hitherto open countenance, and discomforture looked out of his suddenly arrested eye—"Well, there is a fund at my, in fact, my disposal, for such a purpose as this, that I—I can't touch for other things."

"Well, sir, apply it elsewhere. Let the education of your queer *pro-tégé* be conducted according to the new system, but let her be taken care of somewhere else than here."

Now rose up the little street Arab. Now she came over to him, and put her hand in his. Now she looked up in his face with pathos indescribable, and said in a voice of overwhelming tragedy,

"No! no! keep me!"

"Poor little child," he answered, tenderly, "so help me God, I will!"

"Fur," and the peerless gray eyes fixed themselves on his with a look which he never forgot, "ef I go back they'll kill me, an' I'll never git no more larnin'. An' I can take care on myself; no one need bother about that there! Jest let me stay in yer yard all day, an' on the doorstep at night (I offen slep' on 'doorsteps), an' Lord, that 'll do first-rate! You kin come out sometimes, an' tell me them there letters till I learn Gabe's way uv makin' words out uv 'em, an' then I'll go away. That's all."

He was inexpressibly touched; he said nothing for a few minutes, and then hespoke tenderly, but decidedly.

"My child," he said, "from this moment, you shall be here, *as my child*; come, I will bring you to one who will at least show you how to take care of yourself."

As he left the room, he turned to the astonished Susanna.

"Sister," he said, "in your next paper on the reform, it would be well to introduce, by way of illustration of thirst for knowledge in the

feminine soul, the true incident of the little street-waif, who would have 'stayed in the yard by day, and on the doorstep at night,' that I might 'come out sometimes,' to teach her her letters. A novel, but at least practical system of education, surely!"

He vanished, taking his "child" by the hand, with a certain fatherly air not to be mistaken. Eva stood up.

"I must go too," she said, softly, more to herself than her aunt; the lovely, velvet face suffused. And she followed.

He proceeded to that homely apartment, the kitchen.

"Peggy," said he, cheerily, to an ancient maiden engaged in the process of washing potatoes, "here's a poor child that needs some care, that an old man's clumsy hands cannot render. Will you give it to her?"

"An' troth it's meself that will, sir, glory be to God!" exclaimed the sweetest intonation of that most thrilling of all voices, one rising out of the depths of an Irish heart touched by misfortune of any kind, "or annythin' else yer honor 'ud ask me ather! A' thin God help us, child!" as the little girl sank on the floor, pale and speechless, "what's come over ye at all, at all?"

She raised her up, and held her in her arms, entirely devoid of the touch-me-not expression too usual under such circumstances.

"In troth, sir," she said, very gently, "*I* think it's starvin' the crachure is."

"Poor little thing!" he said, with an appalled and withal a comically helpless look, "what is to be done?"

"Oh!" cried Eva, "tell *me* something to do, Peggy. This is awful!"

"A' thin, God bless ye, honey, shure ye never saw the like before! Come here, me daisy, an' open the crachure's dhress, an' Misther Vinton, af yer honor 'ud get a dhrop o' wine, I'd soon have her as good as goold."

Eva stooped over and unfastened the ragged dress. What a sight! The worn shoulders were "black and blue;" broad welts lay across them in lurid array, and deep scars attested the tortures the childish frame had endured. Defined on the neck that should have been a soft and white and tender thing, was the mark of what must have been a red-hot iron.

"My God!" cried the old man standing horror-stricken at the sight, "from what have I rescued her!"

But the gentle Irish heart wept, saying nothing. And Eva turned away, sickened to the very soul.

"Uncle," she sobbed, "let me go and try to get her some clothes. I never knew what misery was till now."

Then the luminous gray eyes opened, smiled, closed again. They put some wine between the little lips.

"Are you hungry, dear?" asked the old man.

"*You* bet," gasped the poor, ignorant, half-dying voice; "starved!"

"Shure I knew it!" ejaculated Peggy, "it's innocent as the blatin' lamb, sir; ye are not to know it first an' foremost. Will yer honor hold the crachure, an' it's meself 'ill feed her."

He "held her"—held her to his honest, and true, and aching heart, held her as if she were the daintiest "darling" on the paradisiacal street. Then Peggy took sweet white bread of her own careful baking, and fresh fragrant milk, and fed the little starveling like a baby.

"Throth it's the best of medicine sir," she said, laying aside the bowl, which was greedily followed by the now wide-open gray eyes.

"It's jolly," said the little street Arab, "prime! never tasted nothin' like it afore. Aint had enough, though!"

"Arrah! God help ye!" said Peggy, "it's surfeit yerself ye wud! In a 'our I'll give ye yer fill. Let me wash ye now!"

"Wait a minit," turning to the old man; "what was that there cat-cornered one? I furgit!"

"A' thin glory be to God, sir, it's ravin' she is; shure the drop wint to her head!"

"No, Peggy, I know what she means," and a smile of divine pity lit up the old man's face, "That was *zed*, dear. Now, tell *me* something?"

"Annythin'." It was only a word, but held volumes of love and gratitude and trust.

He touched the scar on the poor, thin neck, as he might touch some sacred thing. "What is this, my—my child?"

A horrible look swept over the young face.

"Bill done it," she said, the gray eyes lurid with hate and vengeance. Oh! sweet, gray eyes, which could be angelic! "He cotch me takin' his stamps once, an' he wanted to show me how it 'ud feel to be caught in earnest!"

"My God! Where is the vaunted reform of this progressive age?" burst in a torrent from the old man's lips. Just then Eva entered.

"I have been all over the neighborhood, uncle," she said, "and tried to get some clothes for the little thing; there are so many children, you know, I thought the mothers might spare some. But some of them did not see me at all, and others were too busy to look up old ones, and did not want to give new ones, and all wanted to know, weren't we afraid of some contagious disease, and the only kind ones were little Mrs. Mignonette, and old Miss Garlic, but Mrs. Mignonette has only a tiny baby, and its clothes would not do. Both of them offered to come and make some, and really, if you can spare the money for me to go and get the material, I think it is the very best we can do."

"Oh! wondrous charity, that heads subscription lists, and shines out regnant in reports of reform



meetings, where are you now?" asked the simple heart, as it silently drew out a bank-note, and handed it into the dimpled hand.

Peggy now screamed; Peggy, who had been tenderly and quietly bathing the outcast face and form.

"Och! God help me, sir! Come here, an' see wud yer own eyes!"

She was pointing to a tiny mark on the neck, made plain by washing, a pink and dainty and wonderful mark, like the print of a daisy.

"Shure, sir," and she kissed it as we kiss an image of the dead, "manny an' manny's the time in the days long gone, I kissed it on another neck. Och! och! shure me heart knows it!"

He—he stood transfixed; he stared on it in mute amazement; he knelt beside the child, and softly kissed it too.

"It—it might be," he said, like one in a dream. "Leonora she said; Eleonora—but a letter! Child, this Jake—does *he* know your father's name."

"Yes, an' he's the only one!"

"Where is he?"

"In the city jail fur ninety days."

He turned towards the door.

"Wait," she cried wildly; "are ye goin' to Jake?"

"Yes,"

"Tell him," and a poem shone out of the wondrous gray eyes, "I'm—I'm waitin' fur him to git out, an' then—I'll, I'll stay with him!" Oh! lovely gray eyes—love, constant and suffering and genuine, shone softly down in your awakened depths!

### III.

HE went to Jake; Jake sitting sullen and wretched in the city jail; Jake, young, and what might have once been comely, and showing evidence of having owned a better lot. Amazed at this, he stood stockstill, gazing at him awkwardly. He had expected to see a ruffian of the Bill or Gabe style.

"Well, sir," said the prisoner, defiantly.

"Excuse me," answered the bewildered old man; "there is a little girl named Nole."

Instantly the sullen face lit, the defiant manner vanished, the eager question quivered on the air.

"What of poor Nole? Good or evil?"

"Good," promptly answered the mild voice, "and I can promise you she is forever removed from such evil as that in which you saw her last. Now, tell me, do you know anything of the child's parentage, even her father's name?"

"I know all," answered the young man, "all that any friend could need to establish her in any right coming through her parents."

"I am a friend," was the simple reply; "will be a father to the poor little outcast."

"Outcast—yes!" bitterly echoed the young man, "and yet, in what has been hell to me, her presence was like the rustle of an angel's wing. Sir, that child was a miracle amongst those people; she was not of them, and nothing could have made her like them! For me, I am lost, past redemption—she can yet be saved!"

"Your first assumption I deny, sir; you are *not* lost; redemption is always within the grasp of him who does not cast it deliberately beneath his feet. Now, the child's name."

"Her father was Guiseppe Avilo, once the courted of the fair and gay." The old man's hands had screened his face from view. "Her mother, Eleanora Esling, a lady and an heiress. Here."

He took from his ragged pocket a package of papers.

"I have carried these for years," he said; "they were intrusted to me by the mother when dying, in the hope that some day they might be of service to the child. You may look over them, sir, and in a proper time and place I will give you legal possession of them for her benefit."

The old man looked at them, then up to heaven, then turned away, evidently overpowered by some strong emotion.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "this child's mother married a man whom her family contemned, because he was poor. He was weak in mind and body, and when they cast her off, and refused her any share of her fortune, he was not fit to face the world with her and for her. He might have become a respectable member of society with competence; in poverty he fell by degrees, till his place became the lowest."

"Miserable theory!" exclaimed the old man, bitterly, "and you?"

"I! Oh! I might have been one of your 'steady young men,' sir, but for the injustice of the world, which branded me with a crime I did not commit, and made me a felon for a term of a year and a day! I retaliated by becoming one truly. I," he sighed a weary, wistful sigh, "I might have attained something better for little Nole's sake; but, sir, if she is going to be 'respectable,' I must bid her farewell. Take her from me, and from evil; let her forget me."

(To be concluded.)

## TO WHITTIER.

"The menace of danger now seems to come from the professed Church of Christ. At this moment the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous pretensions of ecclesiasticism," etc., etc.  
—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O, POET, thou hadst better died  
Without a laurel on thy brow—  
Perished e'en ere thy sacred tide  
Of song had freshened man below—  
Perished before thy doubt and pride  
The holy cause of Truth belied.

We *might* have spared those golden lays—  
So sweet, so pure, to nature true,—  
Like echoes of those happier days  
In Eden "when the world was new,"  
We now *must* hear the voice that says,  
"The serpent's trail is on his lays.

"Your poet takes the bigot's side;  
The rift has grown within his lute.  
'Twere better far that he were mute,  
'Twere better all his songs should die,  
Than he God's Church and Truth belie!"

O, poet, thou whose mind and heart  
Are full of fervent wine, God-given,  
Pour forth one drop. Redeem thy part,  
For thou hast slandered heaven.



## THE HISTORY OF GALILEO.

## II.

WE have seen how Galileo had been drawn away by the attacks of his opponents from the scientific question of the Copernican system of the universe to the perilous ground of the interpretation of Scripture. The bold and dangerous principles on this subject which he had been led by his impetuous character to put forward in his hasty letter to Fr. Castelli had given a handle to his adversaries of which they had not been slow to avail themselves, and the consequence was his denunciation before the Congregation of the Index by Fr. Lorini. Every opportunity, however, was still afforded him of extricating himself from the false position into which he had been thrown, and Galileo had himself to complain of the tardiness of the sacred tribunal in prosecuting the charge against him. He was recommended by the Cardinals del Monte, Borghese, Orsini, and by other members of the Sacred Congregation, to abstain from the expression of any angry or embittered feelings; and he was assured that his honesty and sincerity of purpose were fully recognized. He was told that he was at liberty to hold his opinions, but that he should avoid urging their adoption upon others. Cardinal Bellarmine, with whom Mgr. Dini had spoken at the request of Galileo, gave it as his opinion that there was no question of forbidding the doctrine of Copernicus; but recommended Galileo, if he had occasion to speak of it, to advance it only as a theory, to avoid altogether the ground of Scripture, and to leave the interpretation of the latter to approved doctors of theology. Galileo's headstrong character, however, would not allow him to keep silence. Against

the advice of his friends, and instead of employing himself, as they recommended him, in strengthening his position by further scientific proofs, he was bent on coming to Rome, and dissipating by his presence the prejudices and calumnies which his enemies had raised against him. He increased his difficulties by the letter which he addressed to Christina, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, grandmother to the reigning duke, and in which he labored to justify his principles of the explanation of Scripture. A good Catholic at heart, Galileo was carried away by the heat of dispute, and, unconsciously to himself, to the enunciation of principles which lead logically to rationalism and a denial of the authority of the Church. "In the discussion of questions of natural philosophy, it seems to me," he says, "that we must not take as our starting-point the authority of the text of Scripture, but the experience of the senses, and demonstrative proofs. Both Holy Scripture and Nature proceed alike from the Divine Word; the one dictated by the Holy Spirit, the other executing with obedience the works of God. And as the Holy Scriptures contain, in order to accommodate themselves to the understandings of the generality, many things which apparently and in their strict meaning are at variance with absolute truth, whilst, on the contrary, nature, inexorable and immovable in its character, never oversteps the laws which are imposed upon it, and does not trouble itself to inquire whether its reasons and modes of action are on a level with the comprehension of man, it seems to me that whatever the effects of nature or the experience of the senses exhibit to our sight, or whatever demonstra-

tion necessarily proves, can never be called in question, and much less condemned, on the ground of passages of Scripture which would seem in their literal sense to contradict it. For every word of Scripture is not fettered by such strict obligations as is every effect in nature; and God reveals himself with no less excellence by natural effects than by the sacred language of Scripture."\* In another passage he begs the Church to give her decision, but only after a careful examination and consideration of the reasons which can be alleged on either side. He declares that the Sovereign Pontiff has absolute power to approve or condemn even propositions which do not strictly relate to matters of faith, but that there are some which it is beyond the power of any human creature to make either true or false.

Here we see not only falsity of opinion, but also that self-contradiction which, in his desire to reconcile his loyalty as a good Catholic with his determination to enforce his own interpretation of Scripture, it was impossible for Galileo to avoid. In a question between a physical theory of science and the text of Holy Scripture, Scripture is to give way. The Church, the Interpreter of Holy Scripture, is to yield to the philosophers who interpret nature. A scientific theory, which may to-morrow be allowed by scientific men themselves to be false, is to take the precedence of the infallible judgment of the Church. Such is the principle inculcated by Galileo; and what is this but to declare science to be independent of faith, and not only to destroy all connection between the natural and the supernatural, but to make the supernatural subordinate to the natural, and reason superior to faith? And yet, though the experiments and the reasoning of scientific men are to overrule the judgment of the Church, the Holy Father, as the organ of the Church, is asked

to give his absolute decision upon the question in debate, though only after he has heard the reasons on both sides. Such is the incoherence and contradiction into which Galileo is betrayed by his unfortunate attempt to support his scientific conclusions by his arbitrary explanation of Holy Scripture.

The proceedings instituted against him had, in the meantime, been going on, though tardily. The denunciation had been made by Fr. Lorini on February 5th, 1615. On the 26th of the same month the secretary of the Congregation wrote, at the order of Cardinal Mellini, to the Archbishop of Pisa and the inquisitor of that city to procure the original copy of Galileo's letter to Fr. Castelli. Fr. Caccini, the Dominican, who had attacked Galileo from the pulpit in Florence, and was now in Rome, was, on the 20th of March, interrogated juridically, by order of the Pope, before the Commissary-General of the Inquisition, concerning the errors of Galileo. His deposition was sent the following month to Florence, with orders to interrogate several persons named by Fr. Caccini, and amongst others the Dominican, Fr. Ximenes. It was not until the following November that Fr. Ximenes appeared before the Inquisitor, and declared the opinion regarding the movement of the earth to be diametrically opposed to sound theology and philosophy. He also deposed to having heard from Galileo's scholars several false opinions regarding the nature of God.\* It was evident that there was no hurry to press matters against Galileo,—so little so that even Galileo himself complained of the delay; and everything leads to the belief that, could he only have been induced to keep silence, he would not have been disturbed. But he was bent on coming to Rome, though he could hardly have appeared there under more unfavorable circumstances, the position which he

\* Parchappe, *Life of Galileo*, p. 113.

\* MS. of the Process, fo. 371.

had assumed in his letter to the Grand Duchess Christina, by entering upon the discussion of the most delicate theological questions, having raised up against him, in addition to his former peripatetic opponents, fresh adversaries in those whose apprehensions had been awakened by his bold and unauthorized interpretation of Holy Scripture. Yet he was treated with much consideration in Rome, and he was able to write from thence, in January, 1616, to the secretary of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with much satisfaction at having had the opportunity of stating before the most distinguished assemblies the proofs of the new system of the universe, and of having dissipated the calumnies which had been raised against him. He would not, however, learn prudence. "He is carried away by his own opinions," wrote Guichardini, ambassador to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; "he is of a most impetuous character, and he will not master it."\* One day when Cardinal Orsini was speaking with the Pope in favor of Galileo, Paul V replied to him that he would do well to persuade his friend to abandon his opinion; and, on Orsini insisting, the Sovereign Pontiff cut short the interview by saying that the matter had been put into the hands of the Cardinals of the Holy Office. When Cardinal Orsini had retired, the Pope called for Cardinal Bellarmine, and they both agreed that the opinion entertained by Galileo was erroneous and heretical.† The new theory of the system of the world was as yet so imperfectly established, that it could form no ground for admitting a new interpretation of Scripture; and Galileo's mode of endeavoring to establish this new interpretation, besides setting him in contradiction to the received teaching of the Fathers, went to destroy the authority of the Church.

On the 19th of February, a copy of the propositions, the censure of which was demanded, was sent to all the

fathers and theologians of the Congregation. On the following day, February 25th, Cardinal Mellini notified to the assessor and commissary of the Holy Office the censure passed by the theologians on the propositions of Galileo, and the Pope ordered Cardinal Bellarmine to summon Galileo, and inform him that he must abandon his opinion. If he refused to obey, the commissary of the sacred office was, in presence of a notary and witnesses, to intimate to him the order to abstain altogether from teaching or maintaining this opinion or even having anything to do with it, and that if he did not comply with this order, he was to be put in prison. The order was communicated to Galileo, and he promised to obey. We shall have occasion to see hereafter how he kept his promise. On the 5th of March a decree was published, in which the reading of five separate works was forbidden. Amongst these none of Galileo's numerous works appear. It concludes, however, with the following paragraph, which was a sufficient intimation to Galileo:

"Since it has come to the knowledge of the said Congregation that this false doctrine of Pythagoras, altogether contrary to Holy Scripture, on the movement of the earth and the immovability of the sun, taught by Copernicus in his work on the *Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies*, and by Diego de Zunica in his work on Job, is already widely spread and has been adopted by many persons, as may be seen in a letter by a Carmelite father, entitled 'A Letter of the Rev. Fr. Foscarini, Carmelite, on the opinions of the Pythagoreans and Copernicus, touching the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun, and the new Pythagorean system of the world,' printed at Naples in 1615, in which the said father endeavors to show that the said doctrine is in accordance with the truth and not opposed to Scripture, the Congregation, in order that

\* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 228.

† Ibid.



this opinion may not spread further, to the detriment of Catholic truth, has determined to suspend the two works of Copernicus and Diego de Zunica until they be corrected, to prohibit entirely and condemn the book of Fr. Foscarini, and to prohibit also all other books teaching the same doctrine, as by the present decree it prohibits, condemns, and suspends all and each."

Neither the name of Galileo nor the title of any of his works is mentioned in the decree; he is comprehended only in the general condemnation. He was not required to retract, and no penalty was imposed upon him. He received a note from Cardinal Bellarmine to contradict the malevolent reports raised on this point concerning him. The opinion which Galileo himself formed of the effect of the prohibition he expresses as follows: "The result of the matter," he writes in a letter on the 6th of March, "proves that my opinion has not been received by the Church. It has only declared that the opinion is not in conformity with Holy Scripture, and consequently such books alone as would prove that this opinion is not opposed to Scripture are prohibited."\* The view taken by Galileo is borne out by a "Monitum" of the Congregation of the Index, which in 1620 permitted the reading of the works of Copernicus, provided certain corrections were made. The reason why these works had been condemned was, according to the Congregation, because Copernicus, instead of speaking hypothetically, had presented his theory of the movement of the earth as certainly true (*verissima*), whereas it is repugnant to the text of Holy Scripture and its true and Catholic interpretation. Such passages, then, are to be corrected as affirm the movement of the earth otherwise than as an hypothesis; and with these corrections the works may be read on account of the many valuable things they contain. But

the hypothesis is false, according to the Congregation, and contrary to Holy Scripture.

What is the value, then, of the decree of March 5th, and did the Congregation act right in coming to such a decision? The Abbé Bouix, in his valuable work on Galileo,\* shows that the decree is merely disciplinary in its effect. The Congregation of the Index, as he tells us, is a high ecclesiastical tribunal, charged by the Sovereign Pontiff with the office of indicating works the reading of which would be dangerous to the faithful. Catholics are bound to act conformably to its decisions, but not necessarily to submit their will and judgment to the expressions used regarding the condemned books. It is an executive commission which they must obey, since such is the will of the Sovereign Pontiff; but its doctrinal authority, though claiming the highest reverence, is not absolute. The Head of the Church can delegate to it a portion of his supreme jurisdiction, but cannot communicate to it his infallibility, which is incommunicable. No mention is made, and there appears no evidence, in the decree of 1616, of the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and no brief is adduced in confirmation of it. Did the Congregation do right in coming to such a decision? In pronouncing this astronomical theory false, it was mistaken; as also in declaring it to be contrary to Scripture when it is not so. But the state of science at the time did not allow of the admission of the new theory of the movement of the earth, especially as it appeared before the tribunal not as a scientific doctrine, but as a doctrine at variance with the traditional sense of Holy Scripture. It was on this account condemned in the seventeenth century by a tribunal which now, in the nineteenth century, would undoubtedly approve of it, and yet without

\* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 231.

\* La Condemnation de Galileo. Par M. l'Abbe Bouix.

modifying the principles on which it acted. The decree of 1616 was a measure of prudence ; it was in order to prevent any injury to Catholic truth ; "*ne in perniciem Catholicæ veritatis serpat.*" This was the determining motive ; and in this respect the difference between the expression of censure by the consultors and that of the decree of the Congregation is worthy of remark. The consultors declare the opinion to be senseless, absurd, and heretical ; whereas the Congregation confines itself to declaring the doctrine to be false and contrary to Scripture. We may remark also the difference between the two parts of the censure of the consultors. The first opinion is condemned unreservedly ; the second, which denied the immobility of the earth, is simply declared erroneous. According to Galileo, the sun is without any local movement whatever ; whereas the contrary is now established. The doctrine of the movement of the earth was far from being scientifically established at this time. How, then, can an ecclesiastical tribunal be fairly blamed for not immediately adopting a theory which was scientifically established only at a later period, and refusing, on the ground of such a theory, to modify an interpretation of Scripture which had been adopted for centuries ?

The character, moreover, of the times was such as to call for the adoption of every precaution and safeguard against the spread of principles which bore but too close a resemblance to those of Protestantism. And such was the character and temperament of Galileo that it was necessary to put a check upon his impetuosity and imprudence ; it would be easier for him to keep silence altogether on the subject of his theory than to advance it only on the ground of pure hypothesis. The result shows that this was the case, and justifies the prudence of Paul V in the prohibition placed upon him.

As regards even the scientific proofs on which the doctrine of Copernicus was established at this period, they were far from giving it that amount of probability which it has gained from subsequent astronomical discoveries. Even at present, as has lately been shown, the theory fails to explain many phenomena. Amongst scientific men of the time it met with strong opposition. Tycho Brahe, though he rejected in part the system of Ptolemy, was not prepared to adopt that of Copernicus. Vietus, to whom we owe the existence of algebra, maintained in his *Harmonium Cæleste* that the system of Copernicus was based on false geometry. Copernicus was, indeed, mistaken in giving the planets a circular instead of an elliptic orbit. Galileo himself had spoken originally with great contempt of the doctrines which he now advocated so warmly. There existed, in fact, scientific objections against the truth of the new theory, to which later discoveries alone, with the aid of the greater perfection of astronomical instruments, have supplied a satisfactory solution. We may add that some of the arguments brought forward by Galileo himself were not perfectly sound, and some have been declared by men of science to be simply absurd. Hence, as M. Biot remarks, if Galileo himself has made use of reasons both bad and good, there may be some excuse for the theologians of the Holy Office if they could not distinguish the good from the bad. When such was the state of science, and when the character of the times was such as to call in a special manner for prudence, it is not surprising that the Sacred Congregation should have condemned a doctrine which came before them, not as a question of science, but as a question of the interpretation of Scripture.

Galileo himself was still treated with great consideration. Before leaving Rome, a few days after the

publication of the decree, he was admitted to an audience with the Pope, which he described himself as being most kind—"benignissima udienza." The interview lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Galileo explained the motives which had led him to come to Rome, and spoke of the enmity and calumnies of which he was the object. Paul V replied that he was fully convinced of his right intentions and sincerity of purpose; and on Galileo expressing some anxiety lest he might be still exposed to the ill-will of his enemies, the Pope desired him to set his mind at rest on this point, for that both he himself and all the cardinals of the Congregation of the Index had formed such an opinion of him as would prevent their giving credence lightly to any calumnies against him. "As long as I am alive," added the Pope, "you may rest in security;" and he repeated several times to him before he left that he would be ready on all occasions to give him proofs of his protection.\*

Thus things remained for many years; from 1616 to 1632 no new measures were taken against Galileo. In the retirement of his villa at Belosguardo, near Florence, he wrote and published several works, and was honored and esteemed at Rome. Stolliota, a physician, and at the same time a philosopher and mathematician, of Naples, wrote to him in 1616 recommending him a course of action, which, whilst it respected the decision of the Congregation, suggested a means of bringing about a reconsideration of the decree. "It is for professors of science," he says, "to expose the calumnies of sophists. The design of superiors is right and holy; but, as the decree of 1616 was passed without a hearing of both parties, the matter should be revised; a memorial should be presented by the professors of mathematics of other countries. Call the attention of those who are intrusted with the

care of the world to the fact that those who would create discord between science and religion are no friends to either." Amongst the most considerate of Galileo's opponents was the Jesuit Father Grassi, who in his book entitled *Libra Astronomica*, though written in opposition to his doctrines, treated him with remarkable moderation. Galileo made choice of Rome, as being the place where he experienced most esteem and affection, for the publication of his reply to Father Grassi—the *Saggiatore*. It appeared under the form of a letter to Mgr. Cesarini, Maestro di Camera to Pope Urban VIII, and was dedicated by the Academy of the Lyncei, who undertook to print it, to the Pope himself. The permission to print it, of the date of Feb. 2d, 1623, contains the following laudatory expressions: "I have read by order of the Master of the Sacred Palace the work entitled *Saggiatore*, and besides finding nothing contrary to morals or at variance with the supernatural truths of faith, I have observed so many striking reflections on natural philosophy, that I think our age may be proud of possessing one who is not only the inheritor of the labors of his predecessors, but the discoverer of many secrets of nature which were hidden to them, as is proved by the ingenious and learned theories of the author, of whom I am happy in being a contemporary."\* It must have been gratifying to Galileo to receive from Father Riccardi so striking a reparation for the conduct of the two religious of his order, Fathers Caccini and Lorini. His joy would have been no less in seeing in the chair of St. Peter in 1623 his old friend and admirer, under the name of Urban VIII, who, as Cardinal Maffei Barberini, had even celebrated his discoveries in verse. Another friend, Mgr. Ciampoli, had been appointed Secretary of Briefs to Urban VIII. He often spoke of Galileo in

\* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 236.

\* Opere di Galileo, vol. ix, p. 26.



terms of high praise to the Pope, who always listened with marked interest and good will.

Galileo was resolved on turning to account the favorable dispositions with which he was regarded. He had formed the project of coming to Rome on hearing of the nomination of Urban VIII, and wrote to Prince Cesi, "I am meditating a plan of some importance to the republic of letters." This was evidently to procure a reversal of the decree of March 5th, 1616. The prince encouraged him in his idea of coming to Rome, and his friends were unanimous in wishing for his presence. He was informed on the part of Cardinal Barberini, in reply to his inquiries as to whether his visit would be agreeable to the Pope, that Urban VIII would always be glad to see him. "I shall have great pleasure in seeing him," were the words of the Pope which were conveyed to him, "provided his health do not suffer from the journey—for great men such as he ought to take care of themselves, in order to live as long a time as they can." Urban VIII was careful to inform himself regarding the recent works of Galileo, and would have the *Saggiatore* read to him at table, and was greatly pleased with it. In the learned world there was but one opinion regarding it. Everything appeared to favor the plan of Galileo. He accordingly decided on coming to Rome, and arrived there in the month of April, 1624. He wrote from thence with great joy to his friend Prince Cesi, and spoke of his distinguished reception by his Holiness, with whom he

had had as many as six interviews. Urban VIII at the same time addressed a brief to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand II, which contained the most flattering praises of Galileo. The Pope spoke of his labors and astronomical discoveries, and said, "We have found in him not only great literary distinction, but also a love of religion and all the qualities which can merit our pontifical favor." The Cardinal Hohenzoller promised Galileo that he would speak to the Pope in favor of his project before leaving for Germany. This he accordingly did; and on his representing to the Pope the necessity of proceeding with circumspection regarding the opinion of Copernicus, and that if it were true, it could not be condemned, the Holy Father replied that "the Church had not condemned and never would condemn the opinion as heretical, but only as rash." The Master of the Palace remained neuter between the opinions of Ptolemy and Copernicus, and declared that it was not a point of faith, and that it should not be mixed up with the question of Holy Scripture. Galileo's position was thus most favorable; and though the Congregation of the Index maintained its decree in force, many persons appeared to incline to favor the theory of the movement of the earth. Father Grassi had said, in conversation with Guiducci, "As soon as the movement of the earth is demonstrated, it will be advisable to interpret Scripture differently from the received interpretation; such is the opinion of Cardinal Belarmine."

## ALBAN BURNS'S SACRIFICE.

## I.

## A ROSE IN JUNE.

"A face that's best  
By its own beauty drest."—*Crashaw*.

THE breeze from the Schuylkill scatters far and wide the scent of June roses and honeysuckle, and Mrs. Earle Vincent's favorite heliotrope extract becomes decidedly sickly in the presence of this exquisite bouquet of the golden month.

The sun is low, and the clouds that show behind the green tracery of trees on the opposite bank are lit with carmine fire. No sound breaks that stillness which always seems to be the precursor of twilight, except an occasional shout from some boatman on the river, or the monotonous click of croquet balls on the shore.

Mrs. Earle Vincent's garden party is in full blast, which means that three dozen people, more or less, are grouped on her well-kept lawn laboriously doing nothing; and croquet-playing cannot be called doing anything. Mrs. Earle Vincent is a widow, fair, forty, and with a talent for generalship; moreover, she can afford to be exclusive, for, though wealthy, she is not a *parvenu*. Has not Watson, in his *Annals*, written the name of her great-grandmother among the fair guests at the tournament given by General Howe's officers nearly one hundred years ago? A doubtful honor; some outside barbarians—mostly New Yorkers—sneer at this claim to distinction, but all true Philadelphians revere it in their hearts; consequently Mrs. Vincent's garden-parties are "the rage." Her tact in securing "good" people is remarkable. There are few officers of any note in the army who have not, at some time or other, attended her parties; literary

men and artists from all parts of the world, "caught on the wing," are plentiful, senators, common, and congressmen, unless exceptionally eminent, are never invited.

"We *must* draw the line somewhere, you know," says Mrs. Vincent, sinking into a rustic seat beside her intimate friend, Mrs. Bolton, and fanning herself violently.

Mrs. Bolton is a tall, slim woman, with short, gray curls, who looks as if she ought to be an old maid, but has missed her vocation.

"Well, my dear," returns Mrs. Bolton, in an acidulated tone, "in drawing your line, you should be careful to exclude clerks and people like that young Burns, you know—very good in *their* way, no doubt, but not *quite*, you know."

"My love," Mrs. Vincent answers, with dangerous sweetness, "we cannot establish an American aristocracy based on birth or occupation. It would, as Saxe says, be always 'a thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers.' Everybody knows who our fathers were."

Mrs. Bolton's father was a butcher before he secured a "war" contract, and she reddens—not, alas! on account of the contract.

"I like noted people and talented people, and these will always come to the top, no matter who their fathers were," continues Mrs. Vincent. "There are very few Americans who can boast of their ancestors."

"Their family thread they can't ascend,  
Without good reasons to apprehend,  
They may find it waxed at the farther end  
By some plebeian vocation;  
Or, worse than that, their boasted line  
May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
That plagued some worthy relation."

Mrs. Vincent delicately omits the poet's second person, in order that her friend may not consider the application of the lines personal. Mrs.

Bolton looks angry; but protected by the halo thrown around her by *Watson's Annals*, Mrs. Vincent smiles complacently.

"But this young Burns has nothing to recommend him that I can see."

"He has good morals, a clear head, and a true heart, I believe—qualities sometimes not discovered at the first glance; besides he is engaged to Rose."

"Engaged to your niece!" exclaims Mrs. Bolton, casting an alarmed glance towards her son Paul, who is absorbed in conversation with the said Rose. "How *could* you?"

"I couldn't—that is, I had nothing to do with it. Her father arranged it before he died, and left her to me. I can't break off the affair by forcè, for Rose Vincent, *comme moi qui vous parle*, has a will of her own; therefore, like Micawber, I wait for something to turn up."

"Paul ought to be informed of this."

"Oh! let Paul alone. He may waste some of his sweetness on the desert air, but he can take care of himself."

He certainly looked as if he could. He was tall and stalwart, and his manner of wielding even the delicate mallet told of well-trained muscles. His face was handsome, though flushed—not with health, or the heat, a keen observer would say—but with too much wine. Though not yet twenty-seven, Paul Bolton had "seen life"—which means in the life of dead souls—in all the principal cities of Europe, and had come home to increase the remnant of his fortune by taking a wife.

"Rather fast," mammas whispered.

"But, oh, *so distingué!*" cried the daughters.

Paul Bolton was a favorite in society. His manners were perfect, his dress was faultless. But some, with

whom manners and dress carried little weight, felt intuitively that there was a dark, deep current beneath this surface-flow of glitter and brilliance.

Just now he is twirling his mustache, and talking nonsense to Rose Vincent during a pause in the game. Rose Vincent, in his estimation, is merely an unusually pretty girl, with no mind to speak of—a girl, who will swallow an inordinate amount of sugared nonsense, and take it for truth; a girl, who may be married for her money.

"Ah, Miss Vincent," he says, with a confidential air, "can life hold in store for us anything sweeter than a day like this?"

"Life would be very dreary, if it could not," answers Rose, throwing a significant smile over at her "enemy" in croquet, Miss O'Neil. "An idle day is a lost day."

"And can you call this idleness, when all the best feelings of our nature are awakened by the supreme loveliness of earth, of sky, of air?" He speaks with an affectation of intense enthusiasm. "When every sense is engaged in absorbing the sweetness with which each moment is crowded to repletion? Oh, Miss Vincent!—without *you* this scene"—he pauses abruptly, and turns away as if his feelings were incapable of expression.

Rose shades her face with her fan, and the dimples in her cheeks come and go. She is silent, with the amiable intention of letting the man make a fool of himself, if he will; but she is too womanly to be an utter coquette, and her conscience reproaches her.

"It is your turn, Mr. Bolton."

Paul Bolton takes his turn, and then rejoins her.

"There's poetry in the air, Miss Vincent," he resumes, in a respectfully sentimental manner.

"My aunt appears to be quoting something very emphatically to your mother."



“For she and the clouds and the breezes are one,  
And the hills and the sea have conspired with the  
sun  
To charm and bewilder all men with the grace  
They combine and confer on her wonderful  
face.”

Can any woman be deaf to such a delicately flavored compliment? he thinks.

“Ah, yes, that is rather pretty,” responds Rose, contemplatively. “And it suits Miss O’Neil exactly. Do you know,” with that artlessness which is the perfection of art, “I like to hear a gentleman compliment one lady in the presence of another. Direct compliments are often worthless, and always in bad taste.”

Paul Bolton feels that he is checkmated—and by a mere girl. He is piqued; consequently, he makes a hasty move.

“I scarcely know your friend, Miss O’Neil. I mean you, and you know it. Rose Vincent, I love you!”

He leaves her, and quickly walks across the ground to the farther end.

Rose’s face flushes, and her blue eyes flash. She watches him for an instant, and then dropping her mallet, she rushes into the house.

“Oh, what have I done to deserve this?” she cries, safely locked in her own room. “Have I been forward or unmaidenly? Have I given that hateful man any reason? Oh, what will Alban say? I have been insulted! Oh, dear! *dear!*” Here comes a fresh burst of tears. “After all, I believe, I’m a flirt—a silly, frivolous flirt, whom I despise.”

Having exhausted her breath in incoherence, Rose subsides into what is technically called “a good cry,” and feels refreshed. Perhaps the sight of Alban Burns coming quickly up the walk helps to produce this effect. He pauses near Mrs. Vincent, bows to Mrs. Bolton, and, after a few words, offers the former his arm.

Alban Burns seems unusually silent and thoughtful. The accustomed look of earnestness on his face has given way to one of deep sadness. Mrs. Vincent scans him with curious interest. She cannot help respecting

the firmness and strength of will which seem to underlie his calm, brown eyes. She does not like her niece’s lover; he is not handsome; he has neither *l’air grand* nor *le grand air*; he is an uncompromising Catholic—as it ought to be—and at times he has told her some stern truths.

“You are going to hell,” he said, gravely, once when she wanted to take Rose to hear a *risqué* opéra bouffe. “I cannot prevent you from going, but Rose shall not go.”

And Rose did not go to the opera that night. Mrs. Vincent never forgave him for this; she could forgive anything except being made uncomfortable, and he had caused her to feel uncomfortable.

“Well, my dear boy,” says Mrs. Vincent, with a sprightly air that she much affected, “what is your pleasure?”

They have entered the cool, dark parlor. Before he answers, Mrs. Vincent notices that he wears a plain, gray business-suit, and that he carries a portmanteau.

“I want to make an explanation,” he answers. “If the matter were not urgent, I would not have intruded on your festivity of to-day. You have heard that the firm of Arlyn & Co. has failed?”

“No!”

“It is true. The crash occurred last week.”

“And your prospects?”

“I have none.” His eyes and lips are firm, but the involuntary gesture he makes is more pathetic than words. “In two more months I was to be a partner, but this crash has even overthrown the ladder that led to that—my clerkship.”

There is a pause.

“Of course you will release Rose from her engagement.”

“If she wishes it—but that is impossible. Poverty with me will have no terror for Rose,” he answers, proudly. “I am not selfish, Mrs. Vincent. I will not ask her to sacri-

fice the brightest portion of her life, in order to keep her plight to me. Even if she were rich"—

"She is not, nor am I; yet all that she will have must come from me."

"Yes, I will release her. To my mother I owe a duty which I must perform, and for her sake and for Rose's sake, I must give up the one hope that has brightened my life. O God, 'Thy will be done.'"

All of a sudden his assumed stoicism has given way, and Mrs. Vincent experiences an involuntary pang of sympathy. Instantly, however, he resumes his quiet, grave manner.

"Can I see her, and tell her this?"

"You had better not," Mrs. Vincent replies, seeing at once the advantage of her position. "Rose is so warm-hearted and uncalculating that she would scorn the idea of your poverty making any difference."

"You are right," he returns, gravely. "We should have a scene which would unnerve Rose, and probably weaken my resolution. My heart might prove stronger than my will."

"Write a note. Make no explanation. I will do the rest," said Mrs. Vincent aloud, and then within herself, "This man is a hero. He can bear the pain in store for him."

Alban Burns unsuspectingly falls into her trap.

"Yes," he answers; "I will write. If she love me truly, she will trust, and while accepting the freedom I give her, still love and wait. But that is a delusive hope"—

"*Justement*," murmurs Mrs. Vincent.

"I will do my duty to my mother and her, and leave the rest to God," he says, half aloud.

He walked to the piano, tears a leaf from his note-book, and writes:

"I do not ask you to keep your promise, Rose; I release you from it. Mrs. Vincent will explain all.

"ALBAN BURNS."

This he gives to Mrs. Vincent.

As he does so, he sees on the piano-cover a dainty pair of gloves and a half-withered rose. He knows that *she* has left them there.

"Rose is *so* careless," Mrs. Vincent observes.

He takes the rose, and, though usually undemonstrative, presses it to his lips.

"This is all that is left," he says, giving his hand to Mrs. Vincent, "Good-bye."

"*Au revoir*," she responds, gaily; "don't think too much of Rose. She is only a giddy young girl, after all."

"She was everything good to me."

And he goes slowly through the garden, unconscious that Rose is watching from her window, and trying to take the tear-stains from her eyes in time to meet him.

Later: the moon has risen. On his way to the railroad station Alban Burns has been thinking; now that he has given up Rose, a hundred reasons for not doing it present themselves to his mind.

"It is true that I could not drag her into poverty—I, without occupation, with small hope of any—and burdened with my father's debt; but I have been too hasty, and I have trusted Mrs. Vincent too implicitly. I will return, and speak my last words to Rose."

Mrs. Vincent's lawn is deserted, but music of instrument and voice flows out through the lighted windows:

The Schuylkill ripples and murmurs in the moonlight, as it probably did on the same night a hundred years ago, beneath the keel of some Indian's canoe. The tree-leaves whisper soft words to one another and the wind; and Rose Vincent, white, tearless, sorrow-stricken, watches the leaves and the water.

"Gone! gone!" she murmurs, "without reason, without giving me a chance to explain anything that may

have offended him; gone, and without a word except this miserable scrawl."

There is a dark figure approaching. Hope whispers to her: "It may be he returning;" but another voice also whispers—

"Miss Vincent!—Rose!"

It is Paul Bolton's voice.

"Rose," he continues, ardently, "Rose, to-day I told you that I loved you; to-night I ask you to be my wife."

Alban Burns pauses in the gloom cast by a huge sycamore. In that moment of suspense the agony of years is crowded. He waits for Rose's words.

The futures of two men hang on the breath of a girl!

Now is her time for revenge. Her guardian angel must have veiled his face when she placed her hand in that of Paul Bolton, and murmured "Yes."

## II.

### A ROSE IN SEPTEMBER.

"Alas! that we dream, and wake  
To find the vision dead and dumb."  
—MISS DONNELLY.

A DINGY, brick house in a quarter of the city with which the street contractors never meddle, in deference possibly to the wishes of the swarms of children that delight in mud-pies; a clean little room at the very top of this house, under the loft, with a spotless shrine of the Blessed Mother in one corner, a bed in another, a bright piece of carpet in the centre of the floor, three chairs, several sparkling cooking utensils, and a wonderful mixture of wire and colored scraps of silk on a table.

*Voilà, mes amis*, the home of Marie and Annette Deschappelles, flower-makers to the great public!

Marie lies on the white bed, and the pillow is not whiter than her face. Her eyelids rest on her cheeks. A lily, half-made, has dropped from

her nerveless fingers, which now clasp the beads of her rosary.

Annette sits near the table, her deft fingers busy among a spray of orange-blossoms which need only perfume to deceive a bee.

Annette's cheeks have the hue of rich damask roses, which they took from the pure air of her native Brittany, and of which the air of a foreign land has not yet robbed them. Her brown hair is hidden under a marvellously plaited cap—a cap that gives an air of demureness to the arch black eyes and smiling mouth. She hums a plaintive Briton ballad, and hopes that it may send her sister to sleep. But it does not produce that effect. Marie opens her eyes.

"You are making orange-blossoms, Annette? Orange-blossoms for a bride?" she asks, in a low tremulous voice.

"Yes, *ma sœur*. Are they not of a beauty most striking?"

"Oh, they are well enough—the dear flowers, but they will fade in a day—in a day I know, for I have worn them."

"*Petite bergère, je t'aime, je t'aime!*" sings Annette, breaking into a gay chanson all about "*l'amour*," "*clair de la lune*," and "*le rossignol*." Her sister is not diverted, however.

"Annette, your songs are vain. There is sorrow in the world, child, and hymns would better befit your lips. But go, sing on until your heart breaks as mine has broken. Who is this poor bride?"

"Poor, *ma sœur*! Why, she is rich, and of a beauty most ravishing."

"Riches and beauty are not happiness. You have seen her, have you not?"

"Oh, yes. Madame Relvert, her modiste, sent her here yesterday when you were asleep, and I am to take these out to her this afternoon."

"And when is the wedding?"

"Next week."

"Have you seen the bridegroom?"

"No." Annette smiles, showing



a pearly row of teeth. "You are better, my sister, for you desire to talk."

"A woman would gossip on her death-bed, and so would a man for that matter," responds Marie, bitterly. "I know not why this marriage interests me. I pity all brides who love and hope, for I, too, have loved and trusted."

Marie's tone goes to her sister's heart.

"Have you seen the bouquet Monsieur Alban brought for you this morning? See! it is on the altar of our Lady."

"I see, dahlias and flowers of autumn. That is well. For me the spring is past. Annette, you must not think of this Monsieur Alban."

"Think of Monsieur Alban!" cries Annette, a rosy glow mounting to the edge of her cap. "Why should I think of Monsieur Alban?"

"Why should maidens ever be foolish? Monsieur Alban thinks not of you. His heart is in the past. The other day when you had to go away with flowers, Madame, his mother, came in from her room below, to make me some tisane. We talked of her son, and, after a time, she told me that he had loved a young lady, good and beautiful, that misfortune had come, and swept away his means of subsistence; that his father had died leaving a debt which Monsieur Alban had promised to pay, and so, rather than allow her to share his poverty, or curtail his mother's means of living for the sake of his own happiness, he released her from her promise."

"And did she accept this release?"

"Yes."

"Then she was no true woman!"

"You are excited, Annette. I think that the girl was true enough, but she was very proud, and, instead of speaking to her himself, Monsieur Alban wrote. He gave her husks and not food. Words on paper, not words warm from his heart."

"You are excited, Marie."

"It may be so. The young lady, however, has now another lover, and Monsieur Alban is sad. Oh, this is a sorrowful world! I wish I were in heaven!"

"I wish I were at home in Brittany, then I should feel as if I were on the road to heaven; it seems hard to feel that way in a strange land."

"Why did I ever come here in search of *him*. He will hate me if he ever meets me."

"Do not think of *him*, *chère sœur*," says Annette, with an alarmed look on her face. "I am going now. I will call Madame Burns to keep you company when I am gone."

"Well, well. Give me that picture on the table. Madame Burns forgot it the other day, and it is necessary that I should return it to her."

"This photograph! Marie, Marie, it is Miss Vincent, the fiancée to whom I take these flowers!"

"*Eh bien*, I wish her joy!"

The sisters are silent until Mrs. Burns enters. Mrs. Burns is a pale, refined, fragile-looking woman, with an air of dependence about her—a woman who makes an assertion as if she were afraid of hearing the echo of her own voice. Her hair is gray and lines of care are visible on her forehead. Her face lights up rarely when Marie thanks her for the flowers her son had brought.

"Alban is so thoughtful," she says, taking a seat beside the invalid. "What shall I read to-day?"

"You may read the penitential psalms in English," responds Marie, graciously. "I feel like doing penance, and it is a great penance to hear your harsh language, though you speak it softly. Bah, it is horrible!"

Carrying the box of orange-blossoms, Annette goes her way towards Mrs. Earle Vincent's house. The passengers in the horse-cars stare at

her white cap, but she does not mind them. She is thinking of Rose Vincent and Alban Burns, and a thrill of pleasure fills her heart as she tells herself that the lady whom Alban loved is about to marry another.

Having reached Mrs. Vincent's stucco-decorated house, which, by the way, is in the American, or Harlequin style of architecture, she is ushered into Rose's room.

Rose sits among silks and lace—the trousseau *en embryo*—and asks Annette to take a chair. Rose is paler, thinner. Her look of bird-like brightness has vanished. She is listless, and there are red circles around her eyes.

"They are pretty, very," she says, lifting the lid of the box, "and so natural. Your skill is wonderful."

Suddenly she casts the sprays away from her, and covers her face with her hands. Annette rises.

"I forgot for an instant that you—but never mind. It is well that these blossoms are not real. I could not wear them. Anything sweet, fresh, and pure would be out of place in such a mockery. You are young, and you look sincere. Beware of pride, beware—but what right have I to teach *you*?"

Annette is touched. She pours out water and cologne with her deft fingers, and bathes Rose's hot brow. For weeks Rose had been outwardly cold and calm. Now the restraint gives way before the French girl's sympathy. She tells her the story of that day in June. Annette listens, and then speaks of what Marie has lately told her.

"I see it all!" cries Rose. "It was my aunt's work. She explained nothing, and her hints and innuendoes drove me wild. And now it is too late! too late!"

Annette again feels an involuntary thrill of pleasure. It is, indeed, too late. When Rose is married may not Alban Burns seek for some one who can with her own hands help him in his poverty?

"I do not love this man, the man whom I am to marry. I do not even respect him, and yet in a week we two are to receive a great sacrament. It is almost sacrilege, and I cannot draw back, for I promised, with my eyes open, deliberately, to be his wife. Misfortunes, trials, are nothing, but the evils brought to us by our own perverseness are worse than serpent's stings!"

When Rose has grown calmer, Annette prepares to leave. Rose accompanies her to the garden. When they reach the lawn, a man enters through the little gate. He approaches, and, seeing them, lifts his hat.

"That is the man whom I am to marry," Rose says.

Paul Bolton takes a few steps forward, and then starts as if violently stricken by an unseen hand.

"Annette!"

"Monsieur Paul!"

Annette darts through the gate, like a frightened deer, and is soon lost to sight among the trees.

Paul Bolton and Rose stand face to face. He trying not to seem startled and surprised; she looking the questions which she is too proud to ask.

Alban Burns has become three years older in the two months that have passed since June. Up to that time he had worked hard, sometimes far into the night, but he had rejoiced in his toil, for beyond the dust and struggle of the present, there shone in the near future the sunlight of love. In a few days, his life had changed completely. His hope was overthrown.

"It is just," he told himself. "I have made an idol for myself, and God has broken it."

And so he made his sacrifice—a sacrifice so great that my words can give you no idea of it. Had you known the man, you could have judged how great it was by the change it wrought in him. He was strong,

self-contained, not easily moved by common things, and a change like that which has occurred, seemed, as his mother expressed it, "to tear his life up by the very roots."

After the failure of Arlyn & Co., he endeavored to obtain employment in New York. He failed. Returning home, he secured after weeks of waiting a clerkship which involved much labor and little pay. He had his mother to work for and a debt to pay. The one sweetened his labor, the other oppressed him; but both spurred him on. He worked, and a man never knows how much he can do until he is forced to do it.

The debt consisted of five thousand dollars for which fraud on the part of another had made his father responsible; and at the side of that father's deathbed he had promised to pay it. Three thousand had been paid at the time of Arlyn's failure; two thousand still remained, and Alban is gradually diminishing this.

Strict economy is necessary, and the weight of it has all along rested on him, for he is determined that his mother shall not suffer. But she, too, saves in secret, and with womanly care and tact conceals it from him, smiling to think how easily he is deceived.

Mrs. Burns has never wholly forgiven Rose Vincent for releasing her son so easily. "You had a narrow escape, Alban," she often says. "That girl would never have been worthy of you."

He only answers, with a look of pain, "Mother, say anything but that."

Among those few relics which he holds most sacred, there lies a rose. The bloom of June has departed from it; it is yellow and withered—a shadow in September of the season of roses—and yet I think he would die rather than let a rude hand touch it.

Annette runs along the bank of the river until she is breathless and

panting. At last she stops, and leans against a tree.

"I have found him—I have seen him with these eyes!" she murmurs, pushing back her cap, to let the cool river-air play on her brow. "And he is the bridegroom!"

"Excuse me," Paul Bolton says to Rose, and immediately he is outside the gate, and on Annette's track.

"Singular conduct!" Rose thinks. "This man has a secret. I will have two explanations—one from him and one from that French girl. They will probably contradict each other."

Paul Bolton's long strides enable him to reach Annette a few seconds after she has paused at the tree. There being no chance to flee, Annette collects all her courage as soon as she sees him.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Bolton, my brother-in-law."

"*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle Deschappelles, my sister-in-law."

The latter phrase seems to stick in his throat.

"You have not asked for Madame, your wife," responds Annette, with elaborate politeness.

"Marie!—she is well, I suppose."

"Far from well. She is dying, Monsieur."

"Dying!" Paul Bolton tries in vain to suppress the expression of relief that shows on his face.

"Yes, dying!" cries Annette, fiercely, in spite of the tears that fill her eyes. "And you have done it, Monsieur Paul. Oh, we two were so happy in the old house at Morlaix, until you came. Marie was so beautiful, so well-educated, so superior to the other girls! Oh, Monsieur Paul, how could you have been so wicked!"

Paul Bolton's lips turn white, and he pulls nervously at his mustache.

"You married her," continues Annette, "and then in two weeks deserted her! Ah, if we had only listened to the *curé*! He warned her; but love is blind! She hoped for your return—she pined—sick-



ened. I could not see her die, and so we came in search of you. I have found you, Monsieur Paul. I have made orange-blossoms for your second bride."

"Annette, keep my secret," Paul Bolton says, in a whisper. "What's the use of making a disturbance now? Marie will not live long, you say. Come now, be reasonable. I will pay you any sum you may name. Let me explain matters to Miss Vincent in my own way, and things will take their course."

"When Mademoiselle Vincent is married, Monsieur Alban must not think of her, and he will be free." This thought passes through Annette's mind, like a flash of lightning. It is a temptation. She murmurs an *ave* before answering him.

"You are a scoundrel, Monsieur Paul. I will save Miss Vincent if I can!"

She springs away from him. This time he does not follow her. Numbers of people are on the banks, and he is too well bred to make himself unduly conspicuous.

"Marie! Marie!"

No answer. Marie lies white and still, with the black beads of the rosary clasped by her pallid fingers.

"Marie, I have found him!" Annette wails.

Mrs. Burns softly enters.

"You here, Annette!"

"Tell me, Madame,—she is asleep!"

"She is dead, poor child."

Annette's grief is wild and incoherent; but from her broken exclamations Mrs. Burns soon gathers the sad story.

When Alban comes home at nightfall, Annette tells him all, and beseeches him to save Rose Vincent. She will not leave Marie's side.

"I will see her," Alban says, when the story is done, "it is my duty;" and to himself, "I will be cool, collected, unmoved."

He started at once for Mrs. Earle Vincent's. He tries to feel that he is a martyr to duty; it is a very pleasant martyrdom. Rose meets him in the parlor, and stands near the piano, where he had stood to write that note. She greets him coldly.

"Paul Bolton has told me this already," she says, when he has finished. "We parted an hour ago."

A constrained silence. Suddenly Rose begins to cry.

"You are *so* changed!" This is her explanation. His coating of ice gives way; he reproaches her; she reproaches him. Storm; thunder; tears; and Rose sobs that she will wait for him, and never, never have anybody else.

They walk out into the porch. He shows her his withered rose, which looks pale and sad in the moonlight.

"You will give me a rose of September for my rose of June?"

"No," she murmurs, "I give you—heart's ease."

When God sends us anything good, He is generous, He does not do it grudgingly.

The next day, Alban received an eccentric note.

*"To the Son of my old Friend, greeting:"*

"You have worked nobly. You have proved yourself worthy of your father, who was one of the best men that ever lived. You must forgive the way in which I have tested your honor; but I have lived in the world long enough to know that in many the virtue of honesty consists only in freedom from temptation. I have tried you sufficiently. I intended to send you the inclosed check long ago, before my departure for Europe, but somehow the thought slipped from my old head. When the villainy of another made your father responsible for this debt I never intended to exact it from him, and when he died I watched you and

waited. Come and see me. I have need of a man like you. In haste.

"BRYAN O'NEIL."

A check for all of the debt he has paid falls into Alban's hand. His heart is too full for coherent words of gratitude; but God knows.

Marie is gone; but Annette still sits before our Lady's shrine, and makes flowers. Like Alban and Rose, she has heart's ease—which is nourished by faith and love and hope—

which may droop at times on earth, and which is perfect only in heaven.

"My *dear* Mrs. Bolton," sweetly says Mrs. Earle Vincent, at her first garden-party after Rose's marriage, "I hear that your son is in business on some island."

"In business? Oh, no! Paul is at Monaco."

"Oh, yes, the new gambling place. I was sure a Bolton would never stoop to work."

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## RISKING IT.

BUNSEN'S "Life" tells of a journey from Osborne undertaken with Lord Palmerston. A stormy passage had brought them to Portsmouth too late for the train they intended, and a special train was demanded. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to venture. Lord Palmerston insisted: "On *my* responsibility, then!" and thus enforced compliance; though every one trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived at its destination without causing or receiving damage; but the peril was felt by those who understood the case to have been so great, that the directors refused to accept payment, the more to throw the whole weight of the transaction on Lord Palmerston. This story is an illustration of that state of mind we have called Risking It, with which we are all more or less familiar; by which we mean acting in deliberate defiance of principles that we accept in the general, even to the point of censuring others who do not observe them. The temptation to it lies in the propensity to consider ourselves exceptions, favorites of fortune and circumstance; or endowed with an exceptional skill

and aptitude which permits and justifies in our case a defiance of general rules.

There is a sense in which all life is a risk. We live very much on trust; and probably quickened faculties would show us daily and hourly risks now undreamed of, and hair-breadth 'scapes haunting the most guarded existence. The many inhale health in the country air, while one encounters a whiff of poison, sickens, and dies; thousands walk the streets safely, while one slips on the curb, and breaks his leg or back. What happens to the one might happen to hundreds. An accident of any kind always diffuses a sense of insecurity, the ground we tread on loses something of its stability, we experience a momentary qualm.

But it is impossible to avoid infinite forms of risk, and lives spent in the attempt are the most useless and miserable of all lives. There is an understanding in all occupied existences that we must take our chance, that we must leave to custom and constituted authorities the guardianship, not only of the public health and wellbeing, but of our own, as far as it comes under their charge,—recognizing a class of risks which we

cannot concern ourselves with but under the penalty of worse evils. In fact, we have no reason to suppose that, framed as we are, we should like the world any better without its uncertainties, and with all its risks avoidable by a strict system of precautions. Life too anxiously defended would be a burden. But our concern now is with two opposite classes of men to whom risks, as such, have a positive charm and relish; personal risks, we mean, for it is well understood that the risks of others constitute to multitudes their highest notion of pleasant excitement, the intensity of enjoyment rising with the imminence and peril of the hazard run for their diversion. The adventurous temper stands foremost as finding its stimulus in the whole scale of risks, from risk of comfort to risk of happiness or of life. It cares for no pleasure that fortune and fate have not a hand in, that does not stand out from some shadow of possible calamity.

"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

Yet, in fact, the sluggish, passive temperament is more dependent on risks for its stimulus than the impetuous one; they furnish the utmost excitement compatible with the self-indulgence of its nature. It does not, it is true, seek them, but it lingers and waits till they come. Both sorts of persons avow their resolve to run risks on a principle which is quite distinct from the resigned acceptance of risk as a condition inseparable from mortal life. They court it as a welcome stirrer of the blood.

There are times when *laissez-aller* carries it with all of us. "I'll run the chance," "Let things take their course," "I'll risk it," are phrases not unfamiliar with the most prudent among us. Sometimes the feeling takes a pious form; we affect to recognize the divinity that shapes our ends, declining the rough hewing

which is man's appointed work. Sometimes it is mere weariness of a painstaking course from which no brilliant results have come. Often it is jealousy of other people's success, —a success not, as far as we can see, earned by plan or forethought. Or it may be contempt of over-caution in others; if our friend won't stir out on the finest day without his umbrella, we face the threatening elements unprotected, to show our bolder mettle. We have known it prompt to feats of conceited benevolence with no rational aim; what the wise man calls taking a dog by the ears, "which whoso doth," warns the commentator, "can scarce take care enough of his fingers." It constantly excuses to a man's self ventures and speculations based on the follies of mankind. The risk dignifies what would otherwise be owned to be questionable, and imparts the indispensable dash to knavery.

But all these cases differ from that appetite for risk on its own account which is to be observed in some people, and of which we see the extreme instance in the Chinese gambler, who, having played away his money, his wife, and his children, risks his fingers, as the only way remaining to him of experiencing the sense of possession; realizing nothing as his own with any piquancy if he may not run the chance of losing it. The ordinary manifestation of the gambling spirit is, however, too distinct a feature of the love of risk to be treated of here. We note the smaller and more domestic traits of this temper. Thus, the passive lover of risk has no pleasure in punctuality; he has the whole day before him, but will not write a necessary letter till it costs a special messenger a gallop to catch the post. To be in time is his notion of slowness, subservience, and apathy. He resents waiting as an injury, nor does he feel that he has made the most of an opportunity in undertaking even an important journey, unless he not only just nicks it, but



would have been too late if the train had not been behind its time. Then, in the elation of taking his seat, he is in a situation to value himself on a sort of divination, a coalition in his person between luck and knowledge of the ways of mankind, which puts him in good humor with himself and the world. This is a satisfaction bought, indeed, at an untold expense of worries and anxieties in those dependent on him, whose nerves and tempers, minds and bodies, are victimized without remorse; but it enables him, at the least cost of disturbance to his nature, to taste some of the glories of self-confidence and achievement.

Doubtless there is much in the constitution of things to justify that contempt of precaution which is the courage of some natures. It is a fact that things do often go on for an unaccountable length of time after a wise forethought has determined their career, and that in defiance of all calculation. The leaning wall is long before it falls. Those leaky barrels of gunpowder, which the men in charge knew to be leaky, went safe by a sort of miracle, day after day, till the transport of them became a pleasing excitement, infusing that spurious magnanimity which careless ignorance affects. There is in the indolent temper a disinclination to all processes of head or hand that may possibly turn out to have been thrown away, which greatly fosters the love of risk. Such a temper is pathetic over waste labor, which precaution must often seem to be. It must be granted that the provision against possible contingencies—possible but improbable—exercises a large share of the time and ingenuity of mankind. The most important and costly difference between good work and bad is not so much in finish as in the preliminary care to leave nothing to chance or luck. In detecting possible difficulties, and providing resolutely against remote hazards, a good

artisan guards against dangers which another disposes of, if ordinarily conscientious, by the rule of ten to one, otherwise by the easier security, "as likely as not."

The passive lover of risks, the man who risks by not doing, however he may enjoy his snug hazards, is not as great a favorite with mankind as his more active brother. There is no dash in his successes, and his failures have a way of inconveniencing others more than himself, backed up as he is by phlegmatic endurance, and never willing to admit that anything signifies very much. Self-confidence, it is said, lies at the bottom of all great undertakings; the man who has faith in his luck, and pushes it to the utmost, will always pass for a hero; and this partly for want of discrimination in his admirers between his case and that of the runner of unavoidable risks. After working out a series or combination of probabilities demanding the closest application of thought, all great enterprises must still depend upon fortuitous circumstances for a successful issue. All that the best general can do is to leave nothing to chance that brains and vigilance can master; when these have toiled their hardest, he must constantly feel that the result is a toss-up. Nobody is fit to take a lead, or to have the well-being of others in his keeping, who leaves anything to chance which ought to be faced in all its bearings; yet, with many persons, a man who boldly trusts his luck, leaps in the dark, and wins, stands in the position of a great captain. It was a trait thought worth perpetuating of an emperor, that he would not duck before a cannon-ball, because nobody ever heard of an emperor being killed by a cannon-ball; though there can be nothing really fine in losing the sense of manhood in the sense of rank and place. The Dauphin whom De Quincey quotes as defying small-pox, because no Dauphin had ever died of it, does not get the same

credit, because, unfortunately, his confidence was shamed by the result. All literature that is not distinctly didactic, and, indeed, much that is, encourages sympathy with rashness; which fiction can always bring off triumphant. Thus the hero of the German tale sells his soul to the devil, on the chance of finding some flaw in the agreement, and proves against all odds the better lawyer of the two. A brilliant youth of bold adventure is held up for admiration in much of the popular biography of our day, and the shattered manhood that succeeds it is kept out of sight; though the one follows the other by a natural consequence, for nothing so unhinges the character as a taste for running risks indulged for any time with impunity.

Timidity, which is a weak fear of risks, sometimes shows itself in a horror of precautions against them, regarding these as an evidence and

admission of possible danger. Hypochondria, on the other hand, sees risks in everything, and is thus condemned to inaction. Hence the wise physician warns against any approach to the morbid care of one's health. Only use strict moderation, he tells his readers, and they may spare themselves all anxiety about wholesome and unwholesome,—“a mean and servile solicitude which debases the mind of man and can do little good to his body.” In short, those are the proper risks to be run which are accepted under the sense that we are members of the great human family, and subject to general laws; those are rash or injurious which are undertaken under the notion of something special in ourselves. Risks must be run, and discretion has no more important task than in the choice and nature of them, and the company in which they must be encountered.

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## THE GOD OF FORMER TIMES.

### A PROPHECY.

PEACE was made; the German troops quitted France; the French prisoners went to Germany. The Count de Réttrel resided in a country-house at some miles distance from Paris. The country around, once so rich, was desolate. The beautiful houses and villas of the rich Parisians looked especially sad. These abodes had been formerly the strongholds of luxury, refinement, and novelty, of everything that could gratify degenerate tastes and passions. These charming villas were places where Christian morality was trampled under foot, and they were struck by the justice of God with all the horrors of civil war. Delights and luxury had disappeared from them; the

inhabitants had fled, were living full of uneasiness among strangers, or dying of hunger in Paris; these luxurious people were feeding upon dogs, cats, and rats.

In all these horrors, the Count acknowledged the hand of God. “The Lord is faithful to Himself,” he cried. “He who drove our first parents from the terrestrial paradise; he who cursed the earth on account of their sins; he who buried the corrupt human race under the waters of the deluge; who has annihilated nations with a breath of his mouth, that God reminds France that he still is. O poor France! will you acknowledge the finger of God, and return to him?”

The Count was sorely tried. Of his three sons, one only returned from the battle-field. He grieved deeply for the misfortunes of his country, and his anger against the Prussians almost equalled his grief, for each day he read in the French papers of the atrocities committed by the German soldiers.

The Prussians were always represented in these papers as barbarians, incendiaries, men without hearts, who respected neither age nor sex.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, and filled with dislike, the Count de Rétrel led a melancholy life. He spoke less and less, and a smile never shone on his face.

Suddenly a complete change took place. The journals gave reports from Germany that filled him with joy. He read of a new sect which rejected the infallibility of the Pope. He heard that the Catholic journals had been suppressed in Alsace and Lorraine, and that Catholic interests were menaced on all sides.

Whenever he heard news of this kind, he received it with pleasure. One day he begged his son to accompany him to Tivoli, a place of amusement much frequented by the German officers.

"Tivoli, father!" cried his son, in surprise. "You forget that the Germans assemble there every evening."

"That is exactly why I wish to go. I want to obtain some light as to a question of great importance."

They accordingly went to Tivoli; they placed themselves at a table in the garden, where some officers were engaged in an animated conversation. The old Count joined in it, and with great prudence he continued to lead it to the subject he wished—the attitude which the new German Empire would assume towards the Catholic Church.

"There is no doubt," said a colonel, one of the party, "that the intentions of the Government are to found a National Church. It is time

to put a stop to the pernicious influence of Rome,"

"I agree with you," said a major. "Romanism has always been a curse to Germany. In the middle ages the German Emperors were always at strife with ambitious Popes. In the new empire all this will be put an end to by the rupture of Germany with Rome."

"But how will this rupture be possible?" asked the Count, with anxiety. "There are several millions of Catholics in Germany. Will they allow themselves to be separated from the Head of the Church?"

"The Catholics must make up their minds to it," said the colonel; shortly. "A strong government can do anything, and the Imperial Government of Germany is strong enough to found such a religion as is required for the new Empire."

"Prince Bismarck's policy is full of prudence and penetration," said the Count, with a smile. "For eighteen hundred years the most powerful monarchs have given way in their strife with the Catholic Church. Bismarck will not commit the political fault of declaring war against the Church."

The officers smiled.

"I am not aware of the intentions of the Chancellor of the Empire," said another. "Meanwhile religious skirmishes have begun in the new Empire. The governments of Germany protect in their public functions ecclesiastical professors who have been excommunicated by their bishops. These excommunicated professors continue to instruct youth in spite of the inhibition of the bishops and of the Pope, whose infallibility they deny. This seems to me more than a simple declaration of war; it is a fight for possession of an outpost."

"Certainly it is," said the Count, joyfully; "but is this certain?"

"You may depend upon it," replied the colonel. "All the German papers agree on this point."



"Here, just read this," said the major, presenting a sheet.

The Count's eyes shone with pleasure.

"In some of the German states the battle has already begun? What will be the end?"

"The triumph of Germanism over Romanism," replied the colonel. "The dominion of the Pope in Germany will be overthrown—annihilated. Six years hence the Emperor will be the political and religious ruler of all the Germans as the Czar is in Russia. The bigots and the ultramontanes will be expelled, exterminated, converted, and the National Church, common to all Germany, will satisfy all religious requirements, which, however, will be but few with the enlightened men of our age."

"A national Church! If I am not deceived, Napoleon had the same idea of separating France from Rome, and founding a National Church. But the execution of this plan was prevented by accident: Napoleon was deposed and died in exile. And thus it happens, gentlemen, that there are still bishops, priests, and Catholics in France, and a Pope in Rome."

"Circumstances were not ripe for a National Church in the time of the first Napoleon," said the colonel.

"Things are now much more favorable, at least in Germany. The want is felt everywhere of a religion that shall be in accordance with the present state of civilization. Hence the general repugnance in Germany to admitting the pretensions of the Pope to pass for an infallible teacher, and thus to enslave all consciences. The result is universal and no moment could be more favorable than the present for a separation between Germany and Rome."

"All this is new to me and of the greatest interest," replied the Count, cheerfully. "What idea is there in Germany about the infallibility of the Pope?"

"A very clear idea," replied the major. "The infallible Pope may invent new dogmas; he may represent the most singular ideas as being divinely revealed; by means of interdicts and excommunications he may force Catholics to believe every kind of absurdity."

"Do not forget the pretensions of the Pope to depose princes at his will," added the major. "If the Pope is pleased to declare war against a heretical nation, Catholic soldiers must march, and the poor Catholics are bound to pay St. Peter's Pence at any rate that the Pope may exact. No one has any right to oppose these Pontifical demands, for what infallibility asks must be given as a matter of conscience."

The Count listened with surprise to this manner of understanding the infallibility of the Pope. It was so original and absurd that he with difficulty suppressed a fit of laughter.

"I think the anger of the Germans against a Pope who makes such exorbitant pretensions natural enough," said he.

"I cannot understand," said the colonel angrily, "how this old Roman cap can have the impudence thus to attack modern civilization. The Pope claims all the rights, all the prerogatives, all the powers of the state. He makes himself a new god."

"You think, then, that the state is a kind of new god?" asked the Count.

"I did not attach any idea of religious superstition to the word god. I mean merely to say that the supreme authority in all things reverts to the state, and consequently the right of founding a religion which shall suit the requirements of the time, in other words, a National Church."

"I understand. If the God of former times has been deposed in Germany, it follows necessarily that the religion of this former God should be put aside. And equally, if the state is the new god of Germany,

it should have a right to found a state religion conformable to the tastes and wants of the good Germans. Gentlemen, I was far from suspecting that progress in Germany had gone so far."

The officers felt flattered. They did not perceive the Count's irony.

"The triumph of Germanism is complete," said the major proudly; "it is not confined to the field of battle."

"But how does it happen, gentlemen, that the German soldiers give such striking proof of their religious faith? Their piety has been remarked everywhere, and your astonishing success has been attributed to the moral qualities and the piety of your troops."

"That is a mistake," said the colonel. "Religion has nothing to do with our victories. I will not deny that even in Germany the lower orders of the people are still infected by superstition, but the future National Church will, no doubt, cure these poor people of their malady."

"If these poor people are so obliging as to change the religion of their ancient God for the religion of the new state god. But I doubt whether Prince Bismarck will be strong enough to push the masses of the people into his National Church. And you may be certain, gentlemen, that this God of former times will not suffer a rival. His thunder will destroy your National Church, and with a sign, he will cause an empire to disappear, which has raised itself against his sovereignty."

The officers were aghast at this language. The old man rose and re-entered his carriage.

The Count's son had not understood a word of this conversation, which had been carried on in German. He had been surprised at his father's animation, and could not understand the motives which the Count gave for his pleasure.

"How can you rejoice in the persecution of the Church?" he then said.

"I am afflicted by the persecution of the Church," said the Count. "The cause of my joy is quite different. If the German journals and these officers are right, the new German empire is about to declare war against God and the See of St. Peter. In this case, the same Hand which has destroyed all the enemies of the Pope and of the Church will soon overthrow the empire of Germany. Madmen! do they think that they will be able to carry out an enterprise in which the most powerful monarchs for eighteen centuries have failed—the annihilation of the Church of God and his Vicar upon earth. The God of former times still is. Attack then the Rock of St. Peter, proud empire of Germany! Oppress the Church, and the sentence is pronounced: 'God has promised to protect the Pope and the Church, and this promise he will keep.' The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Emotion had affected the health of a man of 73. The next day he was seriously ill, and sent for a priest. Then he called his sons and daughters about his bed. Charles read the history of the conversation between Pius VII and Napoleon, which the page noted down at the time with great care. The dying man listened, then he said:

"My children, do all you can for the moral and religious regeneration of France. Submit with docility to the law of God; never forget that he is the sole Master of the world, that he is the Supreme Arbitrer of the destinies both of individuals and of nations. Serve the Lord with fear, the God who has the heavens for his throne, and the earth for his footstool."

His head fell back on his pillow; Count de Rétrel was no more.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE latest scheme of the Piedmontese usurpation in Rome, to forge new fetters for the Sovereign Pontiff, is a proposition made to the Italian Parliament that all documents issuing from the Vatican should have an *Exequatur* before being allowed publication in Italy, or transmission abroad. This is an old expedient to deprive of the right of free communication those who have received the divine commission to teach all nations.

The first instance in which this expedient was resorted to, was in the time of the old Jewish synagogue, when the Apostles were forbidden to speak and teach openly. Again it was tried by the old pagan emperors of Rome. Later, it was attempted by the kings of England, in their edicts against the free promulgation of Papal bulls; and, still later, the whole recent ecclesiastical legislation of the German Empire is an attempt in the same direction.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the words of the Apostles and of Christ's Vicar, the Prince of the Apostles, "went out into all the world and their words to the end of the earth;" and from the days of the Jewish synagogue until now, they have continued to go forth, and will ever so continue. For the word of God is not bound, nor can it be bound. Chains and fetters were heaped upon St. Peter, but they fell away and Peter went forth free, while his guards became powerless as dead men.

Despite the power of the Imperial government of Germany and of the usurpation, which styles itself the government of Italy and of secular powers, which are inspired with a like satanic spirit, Christ's Vicar speaks and is obeyed to an extent far exceeding the bounds even of old Rome's dominions. Even in temporal matters his enemies cannot stop the flow of money, which, as a royal tribute, comes in to him from the remotest bounds of the earth, and issues forth again in streams of more than royal munificence to succor all that are desolate and oppressed.

The hands of God's enemies are tied, except so far as he chooses to loose them, for working out their own destruction. God permits them to persecute his Church, her children, and her visible Head, as he permitted them to crucify our Divine Lord, to scourge and imprison, and put to death the Apostles; but, in their worst deeds, they but further the accomplishment of his designs, and cannot destroy his Church; for IT IS BUILT UPON THE IMMOVABLE ROCK.

NOTHING very important has occurred lately in regard to the Public School question. It may be noted that the Episcopalian Convention of Long Island has condemned "Godless education," having passed the following resolution:

"There should be established a system of Episcopal schools, in which children may obtain religious culture not possible in public schools of the state. In the public schools there is admitted or compulsory absence of all exposition or enforcement of definite faith. Now, while there is loud boasting in some quarters of this as a happy achievement, it is known abroad and stigmatized with some justice, as the American system. Being professedly a Christian country, it is true, the attempt is occasionally made to put a religious gloss or veneering over the secularity of our school system by reading a few verses of the Bible without note or comment; but such a mechanical act accompanied by any culture of conscience or dogmatic teaching does not much relieve the matter." The report uses strong language in the denunciation of the public schools, and urges that popular schools shall be made Christian.

The *London Quarterly Review* had an article lately on the American common school system and on compulsory education, which says: "There is nothing in the results of American free-school education to encourage us in this country to adopt so costly an experiment. Neither as to efficiency, nor attendance, does it promise for us any improvement; and as respects compulsion, we have seen how absolutely mythical is the idea that the United States have mastered, or even attempted to grapple with that problem." . . . "Meantime we cannot fail to connect the principle of free education with that weakening of parental influence, and that perilous depreciation, not to say contempt, of family responsibilities and duties, which are at this moment the most painful and portentous symptoms in connection with the fast and ambitious social life of the States."

On the evening of Corpus Christi, May 27th, a terrible calamity occurred at the Church of the Precious Blood (attended by French Catholics) at Holyoke, Mass., in the diocese of Springfield. Some of the decorations of the altar took fire from a lamp, and the flames ascending to the ceiling, which was of wood, soon extended through-



out the whole structure. There were two galleries along the walls, with insufficient means of exit, and the terrified occupants leaping and falling down the winding stairs, were piled into a confused and inextricable mass in the narrow vestibule below. The doors swinging inwards, could not be opened, owing to the pressure against them of the persons, who filled the vestibule. Meanwhile the whole church edifice, which was composed of most inflammable materials, was being rapidly consumed around and above the unfortunate victims. In the brief space of twenty minutes the work of destruction was completed. About one hundred persons were burned to death, or fatally trampled upon, and many others were severely injured.

A coroner's jury has rendered a verdict upon the catastrophe, in which they condemn the manner in which the church was constructed.

It seems incredible, in view of the warnings occurring from time to time, that those who have the planning and oversight of constructing church edifices, should allow them to be erected with such utterly insufficient means of exit. The mildest term we can use to characterize such carelessness is, that it is inexcusably reprehensible. For any loss of life, which occurs through such carelessness, they, who might have prevented it, or who could, if they choose, now remedy it, are certainly responsible.

THERE have been various indications lately of renewed life in the true Scots of Caledonia. A few years ago a Gaelic society was started in Inverness, having as its objects, among other things, the "cultivation of the language and literature of Highlanders, the preservation of Celtic lore, the vindication of the rights and the advocacy of the interests of the people." This society has issued two interesting volumes of transactions already, and it has a third in the press.

The capital of the Highlands has also, as a further development, had the spirit to project a Highland newspaper, and, from week to week, the Caledonian Celt can now see himself reflected in prose and verse, in Gaelic and English, in the columns of the *Highlander*, appropriately conducted by "Finlagan," on his native heath. The *Highlander* aims at sinking the differences between the different members of the great Celtic family, and at bringing them to see face to face, and pull "shoulder to shoulder," for the common good, after the ages and generations during which they have been perpetrating follies and wickednesses against each other, at the bidding of their common

political enemies. The *Highlander* is distinguished among British journals as almost the only one which has not degraded itself by distorting the facts of current or past Irish history to suit the ignorant and malignant prejudices which the dominant classes in England deem it their interest to foster against Ireland.

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THE "Grand Masters," "Past Grand Masters," "Most Worshipfuls," and "Craftsmen" generally, met in New York on Wednesday, June 2d, to dedicate a new "Temple."

It may not be known to all that the Freemasons are nothing more nor less than a fallen Catholic organization. When Christian architecture under the influence of the Catholic Church became a science, the "carvers of stone" became a guild of skilled workers, who were favored by the Popes with many privileges, and exempted from burdens thrown on other laborers. Hence they were called "Free Masons," and were held in great repute by Archbishops, Bishops, and others high in the church. They exerted their skill in the erection of the splendid cathedrals and stately abbeys and churches, which even to the present day dot the surface of Europe, and excite the enthusiastic admiration of every cultivated traveller. In course of time the Masons lost their semi-ecclesiastical character, and became a society divorced from the church, and indifferent or hostile to religion. As such they have been repeatedly condemned. The same history attaches to the Knights Templars, who were a noble Catholic order, but who, through their association with the Saracens, lost their primitive piety, and were convicted of infamous crimes, for which they were suppressed five centuries ago by Pope Clement. The pretension of either of these orders to great antiquity is pure moonshine.

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THE German Catholic Benevolent Union met at Cincinnati on May 15th. It represents 304 societies and 40,000 members. The delegates were received with great enthusiasm; a grand procession numbering over 10,000, took place through the streets, which were decorated for miles with American and Papal flags. They sat in convention four days, and formed a new constitution, adjourning to meet in Philadelphia on Pentecost Sunday, 1876.

Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Tobbe, of Covington, celebrated Mass for the delegates on the first day, while Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, were present in the sanctuary. In the evening, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester,

delivered a forcible lecture on state education and state schools.

The convention passed a resolution that the members of the Union should send their children to Catholic schools whenever practicable.

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THE Most Rev. J. M. Henni, Archbishop of Milwaukee, received the pallium on June 2d. He was born in 1805, in Switzerland, and was ordained in 1830 by Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati. After missionary labor he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Cincinnati. He was consecrated Bishop of Milwaukee on the 19th March, 1844, by Archbishop Purcell, assisted by Bishops Miles and O'Connor. His diocese contained 8000 Catholics, and five or six priests, with as many shanties called churches, the "Cathedral" being a frame-building 30 by 40. In 1853, Bishop Henni had built a new cathedral, which was consecrated by the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, then on a visit to America. Churches, schools, colleges, and institutions of charity rapidly multiplied, a seminary was built, and the number of priests rapidly increased. At present the diocese contains 293 churches, 188 priests, and a Catholic population of 250,000.

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ON Wednesday, June 2d, the Right Rev. James A. Healey was consecrated Bishop of Portland, at the Cathedral, by Archbishop Williams and Bishops McNierney and O'Reilly. Archbishop Connelly, of Halifax, preached the sermon, and the Mayor and city officials were present.

Bishop Healey is a Southerner, having been born at Macon, Ga., in 1830, and was ordained in 1854. One of his brothers is President of Georgetown College, and another is pastor of St. James, Boston.

The diocese of Portland, which comprises the States of Maine and New Hampshire, was established in 1855, and contains 80,000 Catholics, 63 churches, and 52 priests. The first Bishop was Right Rev. D. W. Bacon, D.D. The earliest Catholic mission in New England was established in this diocese at "Holy Saviour," now Mount Desert, at the mouth of the Penobscot, in 1613.

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THE second annual report of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Statistics contains an interesting table, showing the movements of population in this State and New York for the past eighty years. In 1790, the State of New York had a population of 340,120, and Pennsylvania 443,373. In 1820, New York had 1,372,111, and Pennsylvania 1,047,507. In 1870, New York had 4,382,759, and

Pennsylvania 3,521,951. In the intermediate periods between these dates the relative rates of increase were various. New York gained much more rapidly than Pennsylvania during the first five decades. Since that time Pennsylvania has been slowly recovering her former position; the rate of increase for New York, during the last decade being about 13 per cent., while Pennsylvania shows an increase of over 21 per cent. At this rate of progress Pennsylvania will overtake New York in about thirty years.

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A REMARKABLE discovery has lately been made at Herculeaneum of a bust in pure silver of life size, representing a beautiful young woman. Being colored by the action of sulphur and time, it was at first thought to be of bronze. But some one scratched the surface, and it was found to be silver. Much discussion arose as to whether it was sculptured or cast, but finally the proofs became overwhelming that it was cast. This discovery furnishes an additional proof that a much greater advance had been made in ancient times in the art of casting metals than has generally been hitherto believed.

It is only another proof, added to those which are constantly coming to light, showing that nations in the most remote times were not ignorant nor barbarous, but possessed a degree of knowledge far beyond what commonly they are supposed to have had.

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THE Cardinal Archbishop of New York, and the Papal Envoys, have been the recipients of many courtesies since the conferring of the berretta. There has been a succession of "receptions," and everything possible has been done by the New York Catholics to show how great is their love and esteem for the Cardinal, and how high they appreciate the honor conferred on him by the Holy See.

The Papal Envoys, Mgr. Roncetti, Dr. Ubaldi, and Count Marefoschi, accompanied by several distinguished ecclesiastics, called on the President at the Executive Mansion, Washington, and presented to him the compliments and best wishes of His Holiness. The President made a suitable reply, and after visits to several members of the Cabinet, the distinguished visitors left for Cincinnati, *en route* to Milwaukee.

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THE tranquillity of Europe and the price of stocks have been very much disturbed lately, through the alarming rumors set afloat in reference to a projected assault of Germany upon France. Owing to the pressure brought

to bear upon the Cabinet of Berlin by the Governments of England and Russia, and the interposition of the Czar, who lately visited Berlin, the political sky is now calmer, and the prospects of immediate war have passed away. But so long as Germany increases her armaments, and seeks to bring the Continent into subjection, so long as the persecution against the Church continues, and so long as the people are borne down with the weight of taxes and military conscription, so long will similar panics be likely at any moment to occur, and Europe be plunged into another long and bloody contest.

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THIS is the year of centenaries and jubilees. It is the Year of Jubilee, which has accordingly been proclaimed by Pius IX. It is the second centenary of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in the form revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque on the 16th of June, 1675. It is the first centenary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell, which will be celebrated in Dublin and through all Ireland on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August next. It is the semi-centennial, or jubilee, of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, the Nestor of Irish politicians, and designated by the great liberator, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah." The 19th of April and the 17th of June, marked by celebrations of the centennial of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, recall the memories of the American struggle.

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THE Shah of Persia—improved by his late European tour—has been setting an example of "firmness" to all other despots, to Bismarck, for instance. The Turcomans have been in revolt, and the Shah sent a very able man to subdue them—so able that he was soon in a position to forward to his master ample proofs of his energetic ability in the shape of the skins of the skulls of 2500 rebels. The name of this new hero of blood and iron should not be lost to posterity—it is Nashim-oud-Daulee, and he should be rewarded with a monument or a cairn made out of the skulls of his victims. What a

blessing such an energetic slaughterer would be, against the "rebel" papists of Germany, to poor persecuted Bismarck!

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A DISTINGUISHED French nobleman, Comte Roselly de Lorgues, has lately written a work, entitled *Le ambassadeur de Dieu et Pie IX*, in which he treats of the virtues of Christopher Columbus, and advocates his beatification. He thinks that it would be peculiarly appropriate for Pius IX to pronounce this beatification, because he is the first Pope who was ever in America, having been to Chili before his election; and also because he has created the first American cardinal. Cardinal Donnet also advocates this project, and says that several Bishops and Divines have urged the matter on the consideration of the Roman Congregations.

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THE Right Rev. J. J. Kain was consecrated Bishop of Wheeling on Trinity Sunday, May 23d, at the Cathedral church of that city, by Archbishop Bayley, assisted by Bishops Gibbons of Richmond and Becker of Wilmington. The diocese comprises the most part of the State of West Virginia, and contains 55 churches and chapels, and 30 priests. Bishop Kain was born on the 31st of May, 1841, and ordained on the 2d July, 1866.

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THE control of our National Congress is fast passing westward. The last House of Representatives was composed of 102 members from the New England and the Middle States, 104 from the West, and 86 from the South.

At the rate with which the great Mississippi valley is filling up, it will soon possess an overwhelming predominating influence in the national counsels.

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THE Right Rev. Francis Xavier Krautbauer, Bishop elect of Green Bay, Wisconsin, will be consecrated, on June 29th, at St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Milwaukee.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHILD; translated from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. By Kate Anderson. Boston: Patrick Donohoe, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street.

Monseigneur Dupanloup's fame is now so completely established that no commendation can add to it, nor disparagement detract therefrom. And this is true in whatever sense we apply it to him, as a bishop of the church of God, a statesman of the French empire, or a Christian author. It is solely, however, in the latter capacity that we as a reviewer have to regard him. It would be but half a compliment to say that he is a *beautiful* writer. In this respect we could truly say of him, "favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain," were it not that he possesses the higher merits of a strong practical common sense, a far-reaching insight into the wants of society, and a true and quick perception of the surest means of relieving those necessities, or curing the people's ills, by the soothing flow of his gently forcible and polished instruction. To his former laurels his latest work adds another, and proves him as much at home in discoursing to the Christian mothers of the world, as when he is hurling his polished steel of argument at the recreant Roman traitor, Marco Minghetti. His subject is *the child*, and he has selected it because the child is the real object of contention between the church and her enemies. Foiled and thwarted in their attacks upon the faith of Jesus Christ, they have now turned their efforts in another direction, and hope, by destroying the faith in the seed-time of childhood, to render the harvest of its fruitfulness a nullity. Bismarck's motto, "Give me the children, and I will destroy the Church of Rome in two generations," is the password to their council-chamber of Satanic plotting. The Church on the other hand redoubles her efforts, and braves the frowns of earthly tyrants and the minions of hell, to guard those little ones whom Jesus himself has set up as our models, if we would hope to enter the portals of heaven, and against whose corruption he has pronounced an anathema the most dreadful that ever fell from the lips of infallible truth. The author's method of treating his subject is most admirable. We have over and over again in the pages of the RECORD, insisted upon home education as the true and only panacea for the evils which now beset society, and it is at least flattering to find that our position is now fully supported by so competent an authority as the great Bishop of Orleans,

who throws aside all the usual arguments in favor of Christian education as of but little avail, if the groundwork is not laid by the mother at the Christian fireside. How this is to be done, he tells us in a few homely but beautiful and pointedly comprehensive instructions to parents. The necessity of such a work speaks for itself, for if we are to measure the standard of Christian training, as laid down in these pages by the real condition of affairs, we might well ask how many Christian mothers there are in existence. Henceforth, then, we hope that the name of Felix, Bishop of Orleans, will be known in social history as a terror of *enfants terribles*, *Anglice*, spoiled children, and likewise of SPOILED MOTHERS.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Translated from the French of Louis Venillot, by Rev. Anthony Farley, Pastor of St. Monica's Church, Jamaica, L. I. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

We always had a sort of instinctive aversion for lives of Christ. The very name smacks of congregationalism, free religion, etc., etc. Of course we are not unmindful of St. Bonaventure's great work, so sadly parodied in later years by Beecher, Renan, Furness, *et id omne genus*. But we have taken a sort of childish notion that the only real life of Christ was to be found in the pages of the four inspired Evangelists, and they were all-sufficient for our information. Moreover, early prejudices are very hard to overcome; but if they are to be subdued in our minds in respect to such works, we frankly confess that the victory belongs to the great editor of *l'Univers*. Besides, our Holy Father has given this work a special commendation. *Locuta est Roma, sit finis litium*, even if the utterance be not *ex cathedra infallibili*. The work was written in answer to that infidel production the *Vie de Jesus* of Renan, and, in the language of the supreme Pontiff, is "a vindication of the outraged Godhead of Christ." The author pointedly tells us, in his preface, that the infidels of the present day declare that God made man, is simply a man whom ignorance has made God. He then declares that while the gospel is, as we have stated, all-sufficient as an exponent of the life, mission, and miracles of the God incarnate, it is moreover of itself the best proof of his divinity, while the divinity of Jesus Christ in turn proves the truth of the gospel. Cavillers are forced against their will to avow it. While, therefore, the gospel facts

are concisely recounted, they are also developed by the author's graceful and poetry-distilling pen into so many exponential testimonies of the theological truth of the hypostatic union between God and man in the person of our divine Lord. It is not the life of the missionary Christ nor the prophet Jesus; it is the earthly career of the God-made man, confounding the scoffer by the self-evident omnipotence of "the carpenter's Son." In the production of this splendid work, Louis Venillot has been aided by the geni of theology, history, poetry, and devotion, or, to speak in a more Christian manner, the divine spirit of wisdom has been his teacher.

**THE STORY OF A CONVERT**, as told to his former parishioners, after he became a Catholic. By B. W. Wicher, A.M., late clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street.

The *Widow Bedott Papers* are still fresh in the minds of the public. Like Mrs. Slimmen's window observations, and Dame Caudle's curtain lectures, they will live on with a force commensurate to the source from which they sprung—a lady's organ of loquaciousness, proverbial for its strength and endurance under vigorous wear and tear. Much of what might prove trite controversy is relieved in this essay, by the easy colloquial style not unmixed with the characteristic humor of the author, in what he himself has designated as a simple story, addressed to the common sense of all, told by a simple country clergyman, possessed of a heart more filled with gratitude and affection for the religion which he has embraced, than aversion for that which he has abandoned, and who has only words of kindness and charity for the most erratic of his former fellow-Protestants. A story that, by the blessing of God, may touch some lonely heart, groping in that darkness which Protestantism, in the name of liberty, has cast like a pall over us; a story which may lead such a heart into that true light whereby may be found the peace which surpasseth all understanding.

**THE INTERNAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.** By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. From Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This latest work of Cardinal Manning is a companion treatise to his "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost." That beautiful volume was mainly intended as an exposition of the workings of the Holy Spirit on the Church and the world; the latter has for

its object a portrayal of the Spirit's operations on the Christian soul. Man is, by the grace of the Sacraments, the temple of this third person of the Blessed Trinity; and as the contemplation of the architectural beauties of the glorious material temples of the world tends to raise our minds and hearts to the Infinite Being, in whose honor they have been created, so the study of the graces of a soul adorned by the Divine Architect, the Holy Spirit, will serve to make us know better, and to obey more lovingly his sacred and lifegiving inspirations. The magnificent festival of Pentecost is almost at hand, and we can suggest no work more suitable than this, as a book of meditation, during the beautiful days of Whitsuntide and this season when the frequent administration of confirmation leads our thoughts naturally towards the *Dator omnium munus celestium*.

**THE DEVIL: DOES HE EXIST, AND WHAT DOES HE DO?** By Father Delaporte, of the Society of Jesus, Doctor of Theology, and Professor of Dogma in the Faculty of Bordeaux. Translated from the sixth French edition by Mrs. Sadlier. Revised and corrected by the authors. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

We never had any doubts about the existence or the potency of his Satanic Majesty, and we presume there are very few good Catholics who have; but there are a great many people, even inside the pale of the Church, who regard possession by the devil as a disease which died out with the downfall of Judaism, and who, by their attendance at spiritual *seances*, table-turning parties, and even by their expressed belief in magnetism, and consultation with fortune-tellers, seem to be totally oblivious of the potent fact that the prince of darkness has the heaviest hand on the electrified table, and shuffles the cards of the clairvoyant. Even if these performances could be explained on scientific principles or the art of jugglery, it is manifest that the impressions conveyed to the minds of those ignorant and stupid people who place faith in such necromantic science, are capital weapons in the hands of the arch enemy of mankind to work its destruction. Let all such people read this excellent little book, and learn therefrom what the *renuncio diabolum* of their baptismal vows imposes upon them.

**THE VICTIMS OF THE MAMERTINE: SCENES FROM THE EARLY CHURCH.** By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D.D., Apostolic Missionary. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is a companion work to the *Martyrs of the Coliseum*, and the great favor with



which that volume was received by the public from the Pontiff-prince of Rome, down to the humblest newspaper critic, should be a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. It is rich in historic lore, and fruitful with soul-stirring inspirations. We have heard of a Quakeress who, on a recent visit to the celebrated prison of the Apostles,—a descriptive account of which forms the subject of this work,—requested, on descending into it, that all the rest of the company should leave her, in order that she might commune alone with her thoughts, or, to use her own language, “*that she might feel as Paul felt when he was in the Mamertine.*” If our readers will peruse this book, they may with less spiritual presumption emulate in a slight degree, though perhaps a more appreciative one, the sensations of our fair Quakeress.

**THE LIFE OF FATHER BERNARD**, Missionary Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By Rev. P. Clæssens, of the Metropolitan Church, Mechlin. Translated from the French. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This biography of a zealous servant of God, and historic sketch of the Apostolate of a Redemptorist missionary, is not only interesting in itself, but is peculiarly acceptable to the American reader, from the occasional glimpses which it gives us into the lives and labors of many Redemptorist Fathers, well known to Catholics on this side of the Atlantic. Fr. Hecker, now Superior of the Paulists, Frs. Giessen, Muller, and other celebrated missionaries, are prominent figures in its pages.

**THE LAND OF THE CID**. From the French of Frederick Ozanam, by P. S. A. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

A charming little narrative of a tour through Spain, or rather, as its author might prefer to have us say, of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. We designate it as charming, for how could it be otherwise, coming from the same pen that gave us *The Civilization of the Fifteenth Century*?

**THE TWO VICTORIES**. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We have frequently had the pleasure of reviewing Fr. Potter as an authority in sacred eloquence, and his entertaining little novels and sketch-books are well known to Catholic readers. *The Two Victories* fully sustains his past reputation; indeed, our only complaint

is, that he does not give us something more expansive in the way of Catholic novels.

**ROSE LEBLANC**. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This novelette, from the pen of the gifted Lady Fullerton, is familiar to the readers of the RECORD, it having been published serially in our pages. Our judgment of it was expressed in that manner, and we therefore deem further praise superfluous.

**ADELMAR DE BELCASTLE; OR, BE NOT HASTY IN JUDGING**. Translated from the French by P. S. A. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

A beautifully written story, the moral of which is intended to show forth the evils of rash judgment. The superb manner in which the book is printed and bound makes it peculiarly suitable for a premium.

**THE DOUBLE TRIUMPH: A Drama in Two Acts**. Dramatized from *The Martyrs of the Coliseum*, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D. Miss. Ap. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

All the above works were received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

**FLOWERS OF CHRISTIAN WISDOM**. By Lucien Henry, late Scholar of the Universities of Paris and Nancy. With a Preface by Right Hon. Lady Herbert. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

A neatly printed and beautifully bound collection of Christian aphorisms, serving as a *vade mecum* of spiritual inspiration.

**THE FAMILY**. By Rev. Augustus Riche, Priest of Saint Sulpice. Translated by Mrs. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

An admirable little treatise, which should keep company with Bishop Dupanloup's work, since its mission is similar, but its scope wider, though more concise in its treatment.

**A TREATISE ON PLAIN AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY**. By C. F. R. Bellows, C. E., Professor of Mathematics in the Michigan State Normal School. New York: Sheldon & Co., publishers, 667 Broadway.

An excellent text-book, on the latest and most improved models.



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